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THE

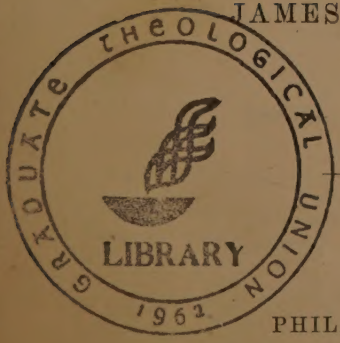
CAVE OF MACHPELAH

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

JAMES CHALLEN.



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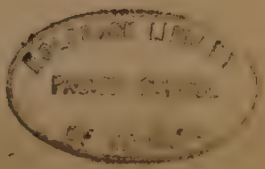

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THE CAVE OF MACHPELAH.

THE CAVE OF MACHPELAH.

THE BURIAL OF SARAH.

In Kirjath-Arba, there's a voice of grief;—
It comes from breaking hearts, all full of woe;
And who shall give the throbbing breast relief,
Or dry the fount from whence these sorrows flow?

Yes, there is grief in Hebron—grief that wrings
From the sad sufferer tears, from out the heart,
Unmitigated, deep,—a grief that flings
To the idle winds, the words which friends impart.

No common woe is here, 'tis Abraham weeps,—
Weeps for the dead, for Sarah; who now lies
Upon the lowly couch, and sweetly sleeps;—
No power can bid her wake, but from the skies.

"I am a stranger and sojourner here;"
Far from my native home I've long since sped,

Weary and faint, before you I appear
To seek a grave 'to bury me my dead.'

"No golden stores, no precious gems I crave,
Nor flocks, nor herds, nor brooks, nor vales I seek;
I ask no heritage but a lowly grave,
Where I may lay the humble and the meek."

"Hear me, my Lord! a mighty prince thou art,
Our sepulchres are thine, go choose the best.
Grief makes us one in nature, one in heart.
Seek ye the marble, where the dead may rest!"

Lowly he stood before the sons of Heth,
Touched with their generous pity, and their care.
Strangers are brothers, when the hand of death
Strikes from our arms the lovely and the fair.

"Hear me, ye kind ones! think me not too proud
To take a gift, so noble and so free."
And at their feet the patriarch humbly bowed,
But waived the offered boon of charity.

"Entreat of Ephron but Machpelah's cave,
Deep in the shadowy woods,—a safe retreat;
There would I buy a portion for a grave,
To rest the weary head, the wandering feet."

What were the visions then, which faith revealed,
When looking onward to the coming years!
What were the splendid hopes in promise sealed,
So oft repeated, and bedewed with tears!

The patriarch's eye with kindling light inspired,
Pierced through the distant ages then unborn.
He saw the star of Jacob, and was fired
With glorious vistas of the rising morn.

The hallowed dust of kindred here would sleep
Low in the ground, secure and safe from harm.
Its treasured wealth, the Mighty One would keep
For better days, by his own powerful arm.

Isaac, his heir, and Jacob too would come,
And Leah, and Rebecca, by their side,
And find a sure retreat, a silent tomb,—
Children and sire, the husband and the bride.

A dim procession rose before his eye—
Like spectral forms, a mighty host is seen.
A fiery pillar shooting to the sky
Illumes their pathway with its splendid sheen.

A myriad host, the gathering tribes appear,
Column on column, in the deep defile.
The chivalry of Egypt in the rear
Hot in pursuit, and eager for the spoil.

The sea rolls back its floods and stands like walls;—
Congealed, as adamant, the waters stand.
And Israel rescued from their dangerous thralls
By Him, who wields the wonder-working wand.

And midst that host a hallowed trust is kept,
The unburied relics of that tempted one,
Whose bones embalmed, in solitude had slept
Until oppression's dreadful work was done.

"Swear," said the meek-eyed Joseph, "that my bones
Be buried with my fathers, by your hand.
Whose dust now slumbers 'neath those hallowed stones
In Mamre's shade, within the promised land."

From age to age, uncoffined and unknelled,
Though dead, yet speaking to the chosen race,
Of that blest home, his eye of faith beheld
Ere death had cast the mantle on his face.

His eye now dim, and palsied now his tongue,
In utter helplessness, the sleeper lay;
But from the withered lips he spoke and sung,
To slave and captive, of a brighter day.

Years of delay, such as wear out the heart,
And "hopes deferred," whose rust eats up the soul,

Each new successive race he saw depart,
And as they went, new billows o'er them roll.

But still, all eloquent, the truth he spoke,
As if each limb, a tongue of fire became:
"Deliverance yet will come; the oppressor's yoke
Will melt like wax, before the searching flame."

Embalmed in fragrant spices, there he lay,
A shadowy type of promise true and sure,
Preaching the solemn lesson, day by day,
That God's own word for ever shall endure.

With eye thus opened did the ancient seer
Behold each marvel as it passed him by,
And from the distant future, to his ear
Was brought each word of hope, each burdened sigh.

As a vast mirror on his wakened sense,
Distinct and clear the rapid portents grow,
Each present object passing from him hence,
As the bright visions on its surface glow.

His eye, enkindled with the light of heaven,
Quick to his sense, each passing pageant brings.
His soul,—a harp, with chords so finely given,
Touched with a breath, prophetic numbers sings.

SONG OF MOSES.

O SING unto the Lord of Hosts, in choral anthems sing!
For gloriously He triumphed over captain, slave, and king.
The horse and rider bold, in the mighty depths he cast,
And the arm of God has gotten him the victory at last.

Jehovah is my strength, his wonders are my song:
Let earth be glad for Him, and heaven the notes prolong;
For the Lord is my salvation; to Him all praise is due;—
In the sea hath sunk the oppressor, who the helpless did pursue.

A habitation I'll prepare, a pillar to his name,
That ages yet unborn may learn his majesty and fame.
My father's God is He! I will extol Him high,
O'er all the Gods he reigns, enthroned above the sky.

Jehovah is a man of war, the Lord of Hosts is He!
And Pharaoh's chariots and his men are cast into the sea;
His chosen captains now are drowned,—within the depths are thrown,
And 'neath its yeasty waves they sunk, as sinks the worthless stone.

As stubble by the searching flames, the low'ring heavens illume,
So by thy wrath, thy foes in dust and ashes thou'lt consume.
The floods stand upright, as a heap the waters fled aghast;
As crystal walls, they stand congealed, by the east wind's icy blast.

"I will pursue," the foe hath said; "I will divide the spoil.
Like a serpent in the desert wild around them I will coil;
And satisfied shall be my lust upon the ignoble race,
And every vestige of their line my hand will now deface."

Thou didst blow with thy strong wind, O Lord, and the gathering waters fled,
And the chivalry of Egypt sank as sinks the heavy lead.
Among the mighty ones, O Lord, who is compared with Thee!
Thy own right arm, hath won the day, thy hand the victory.

Glorious art thou in holiness, and fearful is thy praise.
Thy wonders, Lord, shall be extolled, throughout eternal days.

Thou leddest Joseph like a flock, redeeméd from their foe,
And the lion of the thicket and the wolf are now brought low.

In the strength of thy salvation, thou wilt guide us by thy hand,
And set our feet upon a rock, within the promised land.
Moab and Edom now shall hear, and Teman be dismayed,
The dwellers in the rock shall quail, the mighty be afraid.

Though like an eagle thou hast set thine eyrie up on high,
Thence will I bring thee down to dust, proud dwellers in the sky!
And thou, O Palestina! on thee our fear hath fell,
For we claim thy land for Abram's sake, thy land Immanuel.

By the greatness of thine arm, as a stone they shall be still,
For dread and fear hath taken them, obedient to thy will.
Thou shalt bring us to our heritage, and plant us in the place
Where thy deeds of ancient fame we'll sing, and see thy smiling face.

In the sanctuary thou hast made, for ever we shall dwell,
And to our children's children, Lord, thy wonders we will tell.
The Lord shall reign for ever, the high and holy one,
In Judah is his dwelling-place, in Zion is his throne.

MIRIAM.

Thus Moses sang and Israel, that day,
In lofty strains, the high and solemn lay;
And Miriam answered them in anthems high!
"Sing to the Lord! He triumphed gloriously."

Timbrel and dance, and shouts that rent the air,
Were heard from matrons old and maidens fair.
On a high rock the maid exulting stood,
While 'neath her feet now rolled the angry flood.

Dark was her eye, and black her streaming hair;
Glorious her form, her face surpassing fair.
With hands uplifted to the darkened sky
She sung in wildest notes her melody.

More like a cherub, than of human form,
Amid the fierceness of that angry storm,
Which whelmed in ruin and in dark dismay
The proud pursuer in that fearful fray—

She stood;—and 'mid the tempest's roar,
Triumphant chaunts above the storm she bore.
With sandalled feet she struck the beetling rock,
In dance harmonious to the cymbal's shock.

Whilst the gay throng, in many a mystic round,
With shouts exulting o'er the greensward bound;
Joy rules the day, and festive mirth and song,
And many a frowning cliff the notes prolong.

THE PILLAR.

As Israel, by the fiery pillar led,
Came to the angry surges of the flood,
Its light upon their pathway now was shed,
And passing o'er their heads, behind them stood,

Between the Egyptian hosts and Israel's camp,
The shadowy cloud, led by angelic hands,
To those a darkening pall, to these a lamp,
In awful grandeur now between them stands.

In thickest night, portentous of their doom,
The darkness on the Egyptian camp now hung;
In its bewildering maze they found a tomb,
And on the dead the cloud its mantle flung.

So when the Son of man in clouds appears,
His radiant glory shall the grave illume:
His saints redeemed from all their guilt and fears,
But on his foes,—the gathering tempest's gloom.

ENCAMPMENT.

HERE from the toils and dangers of that day
The rescued hosts of Israel now lay;—
A broad, smooth plain, from stagnant waters free,
Gently descending to the murmuring sea,
Whose tide with pensive moan came, wave by wave,
Singing its requiem o'er the Egyptians' grave.
Beyond, the Libyan mountains cut the air,
And rugged cliffs now rise, sublimely grand and fair.

From Ataka to Gebel-Krarrab stood
Those granite turrets, shadowing o'er the flood;
Whose waters in the distant maze are seen,
Slumbering in shade the craggy cliffs between—
Now silent from those echoing notes, which bore
The song of triumph to the Libyan shore.
Most lovely vista! how serene the sight,
How doubly blessed the day, which followed such a night.

SONG.

The seed of evil-doers shall never be renowned,
But shame and guilt and bitter grief are in their portion found.
Their names shall perish from the earth, their memory be forgot,
And disappointment, care, and pain, shall be their hapless lot.

For though they lift their heads so high, and treat with bitter scorn
The honest poor who toil for bread, the humble and forlorn,

Yet in their choicest cup of bliss, the dregs of woe shall be,
And peace and joy and sweet content shall from them ever flee.

The rust of care shall cover o'er their ill-begotten gain,
And all their glory and their pride the Lord of hosts will stain;
And every cry and every groan from which they've turned their ear,
Shall prove a demon in their heart, tormenting them with fear.

And when the evil days shall come,—and they will not be few,—
The peace which others they have robbed, in vain for it they'll sue;
For darkness then shall veil their soul in deep and hopeless gloom,
And through its murky shades they'll seek oblivion's hateful tomb.

But mighty on the earth shall be the men of righteous deeds,
Whose generous hearts and gracious lips the cause of virtue pleads;
The odor of their works of love like incense sweet shall rise,
A pillar, whose rich capital shall penetrate the skies.

THE WILDERNESS.

Thus Moses rescued Israel that day,
And through their dangerous path he led the way,
And brought them to the Wilderness of Sin,
Where 'mid its wastes their perils sore begin.
Three days they journey, but no water find,—
Thirsty and faint, o'erwhelmed with grief each mind;
To Marah thence, whence bitter streamlets flow,
With eager steps, in haste, the hosts of Israel go.

The brackish fount, by an Almighty hand,
Is changed to waters delicately bland.
So, when the heart, defiled with guilt and sin,
By grace divine is rendered pure within.
Alone! alone! the desert now before,
Amid its arid wastes, and mountains hoar,
Its sands all glowing with the fires of heaven,
And haggard cliffs and crags with many a tempest riven.

Shut up within its solitary gloom,
And hidden, as the dwellers of the tomb,
As dead among the living nations, they
Pursue their weary path, their tortuous way.
The only race that knew them are no more,—
Their forms unburied bleach upon the shore;

Confined within the rock-girt path they trod,
With none to help them now but Israel's mighty God.

Free, yet dependent was their present lot—
To all the world unknown, by all forgot.
Here faith and humble trust would now be born,
And human help for ever hence forsworn,
And on one powerful arm they now will lean,—
An arm outstretched and mighty, though unseen.
Where better could they learn on Him to stay,
As in these steppés wild they thread their devious way?

So the young eagles, cradled in the sky,
With unfledged wings attempt to soar on high,—
Borne by the parent bird aloft they soar,
Above the clouds,—above the tempest's roar;
And then to prove their prowess and their skill,
Each lesson to perform, each task fulfil;—
Thrown on the ambient air, they flutter, fall,
Till from their peril saved, and from their dang'rous thrall.

Too long accustomed to those orgies dire,
Offered to stones and stocks, to wood and fire,
To creeping things, and reptiles passing vile,
And the huge monsters of the far-famed Nile,
To the bull Apis, honored with much grace,
To cats and dogs and things of meaner race,

To famed Osiris, seated on his throne,
Judge of the dead revered, dread arbiter, alone.

On the huge Lotus, in his dark abode,
Amid the watery wastes, he reigns a God,
And Isis, royal consort, shares his fame,
Equal in honor, reverence, and name.
And Horus, son of these,—a Triad, they;
In Philæ stands their temple to this day;
Its halls deserted, and in ruin wide,
Confused lie pillar, arch, and altar, side by side.

And Egypt, thou, the cradle of the arts!
Lo! in thy deserts, like a spectre, starts
The hoary relics of the mighty dead,
The race which from thy realms to night have fled;
The shades oblivious, and a settled gloom,
Hang on the sphynx, the obelisk, and tomb,
Around whose base the gathering sands have grown,
As on her temples old, her gods, and pictured stone.

God was now seen amidst the desert wild,
In every roseate hue which on them smiled.
Seen where the feathery palm its branches waved,
Seen in the murmuring stream in which they laved;
Seen in the heath which grew amid the sands,
As in the flowers which bloom in richer lands;

Seen in the full abundance of the vale,
Where nature's stores exhaustless never seem to fail.

Seen where the date invites the anxious taste,
And fragrant vines relieve the weary waste;
Or in the whirling tempest's awful wrath,
Tinged with the crimson sun along its path,
When eddying sands in threatening columns rise,
Shaking the earth and dark'ning all the skies;
Or where the savage rocks, in deep defile,
Like mountains rent and riven asunder, pile on pile—

Huge, desolate, and grand they lift their heads,
Whose gloomy shadow half the desert spreads;
Tow'ring, abrupt, these awful turrets stand,
With chasms deep and dark on every hand;
No living thing or sound of voice is heard,
Not one familiar note of some lone bird;—
Yet here the mind recalls the bygone age,
When all these wilds were trod by prophet, seer, and sage.

Where nature sparingly her gifts bestows,
And with a stinted hand her favor shows;—
Keen are the senses which she deigns to impart
To mark each change, deep graven on the heart;
Each cloud, that rises in the distant sky,
Each bird that skims the ground or soars on high,

Each glittering dew-drop on the flowery plain,
Each murmuring sound that falls and dies upon the main.

The hazy distance, fading from the eye,
The flickering mirage which before them fly,
Mocking the vision with its spectral glance
With forms unreal in its mystic dance,
Where every sign of life is seen to fail,
Save the white slime left by the serpent's trail:
These, with the mountain peaks which cut the air,
Incorporate with the mind—now look surpassing fair.

'Twas scenes like these which gave such life and fire,
To the bold swellings of the Hebrew lyre;
Which made them strike its chords with hands of flame,
Whose notes, undying, publish still their fame—
Sending a far-off voice, which charms the ear,
And true to nature, ever will be dear;
For like a mirror stood the world of sense,
Reflecting on their mind all that was seen from thence.

Our minds enlarge, they grow with and expand
To the dimensions vast, sublimely grand,
Of the wide universe, this splendid dome
Which is our present dower, our earthly home:
And as the field grows larger to the eye
Of heaven-illumined science—the sky

With its deep azure, and its jewels bright,
Find ample room within, to move before the sight.

We catch the hues of all we gaze upon,
And send them back like the broad setting sun,
On stream and lake, on mountains and the woods,
On the wild desert and the swelling floods.
Until the mind, wrought up within the sense,
Sends back the glorious forms reflected thence,
And feels a presence, ever fresh and near,
Peopling the world within, with visions bright and clear.

To prophet bards, before them ever stands
The image, chiselled by their skilful hands.
Marking each object which before them shine;
Distinct and clear and vivid as a line.
To them all nature spoke a present God;
He made the tempest howl, the cedars nod;
He gave the breath of Spring, and Autumn's store:—
His eye, the lightning's flash, his voice the thunder's roar.

Thus nature in her wildest, grandest mood,
Before the chosen tribes most glorious stood,
Which with her thousand tongues proclaimed his power,
Who watched and fed and led them every hour,—
Who, though unseen, is ever present still,
His gracious word of promise to fulfil;

Who in a desert can a table spread,
And in its horrid wastes his richest blessings shed.

Not like the fabled Gods, confined to place,
Some chosen spot, some honored fane or race,
Some hill or vale, some grot or shady nook,
Or by the river's ride or murmuring brook;
But as in heaven so everywhere the same,
Jehovah! God! the great I AM his name;
In seas remote or 'midst the busy throng,
He ever present is his wondrous works among.

And when the mind the sacred lesson knows
There is a God, his power all nature shows;
And things invisible to mortal eye
His might, his essence, his divinity,
By things that are, may now be understood,
And all declare Him ever wise and good.
Creation, in its vast and wide domain,
Asserts his wondrous love, his sovereign power to reign.

This lesson lost, bewildered and amazed,
On every object, man intently gazed
If haply he might find him—ever nigh
He searched the earth, the ocean and the sky.
An orphan child! he looked through time and space
On each familiar form and well-known face.

"Lo! here He is and there," he anxious said,
Till all his hopes were mocked—the vision from him fled.

But Israel now a ransomed people stands:—
The oppressor's chain is broken from their hands.
Enlargement, freedom is their happy state,
With conscious help at hand, with hope elate.
But still the promised Canaan lies before.
Between,—a weary path, and perils sore.
Left to themselves, pale want and black despair
Will be their wretched lot, the portion they must share.

And soon they felt how desolate and drear
The desert life,—how full of dread and fear;
Here, 'mid its boundless wastes and wilds to stray,
Threading their tedious path, their trackless way:
Here nature's wants their hapless lot denies,
And not one day their pressing need supplies.
If now that power which hears the raven's cry
Shall fail them hence, sad thought! they perish and they die.

Along their lonely path no cot is seen,
By the sweet vines adorned or sloping green,
Where in the cool of eve, the humble pair,
Guileless and good, dwell on their prospect fair;
Or with their sportive cheerful little band,
Partake their joys, and join them hand in hand,

And in the shady bower, now free from care,
Pour out the grateful song, and breathe the fervent
prayer.

How terribly triumphant now the sun,
Which o'er these realms has many a trophy won!
Here on these sands, blanched by his heated breath,
Nought is now seen but blighted shrubs and death.
And on each path is found throughout the day,
In every stage of ruin and decay
The faithful camel, through whose ghastly frame
The whistling winds are borne, and the hot scorching
flame.

The desert path by shifting winds effaced,
By these sad relics, may be fully traced.
From the fresh corpse, in which the vulture's beak,
Fleshed to the bone in steam and blood still reek,
Here the blanched ribs by angry tempests fanned
Lie half concealed and buried in the sand,
These tell a tale of suffering sad and drear,
Which in these sterile climes full often doth appear.

How changed the desert, when the lengthened day
Gives place at last to evening's yellow ray;
When come the cooling breeze and heavens bright blue,
The cheerful twilight and the grateful dew,
And to the listening ear, with awe profound,
Through the old desert sweeps each mournful sound,

As if the voices of the mighty past
Would speak of buried hopes, in every fitful blast.

Beside the ancient fountains once were seen
The patriarch's tent, with flocks and herds between,
And the same heavens which look so bright above,
Shone on their heads, as now on us, in love;
And the same scenes which now around us spread,
Their hallowed influence on their bosoms shed;
The solemn memories of these lonely wilds
Of many an anxious care the traveller beguiles.

Amid these solitudes, o'er which has gone
The waste of ages, man feels not alone;
With thoughts, the mind is peopled from afar,
As when at eve, there comes each trooping star
From the calm, quiet heavens, which sweetly rise
O'er the vast circle of the ancient skies:
A feeling of the infinite, awakes
Through all the quickened pulse, of which the soul partakes.

To Israel now,—what if the oppressor's yoke
With signs and powers for ever hence is broke!
What if to them the wonder-working rod
Displayed the arm of Jacob's mighty God,—
Bringing deliverance to the chosen race,
If now he hides the smilings of his face.

Rich were the fields they left, and ample store
Where Egypt's treasured wealth in full abundance pour.

Shut up with God, henceforth their only stay,
New trials and new fears they feel each day.
Compelled to learn, as each new lesson came,
A deeper insight in his Holy name.
A childlike trust, a more confiding care
Each new affliction, would their hearts prepare;
And thus by stern necessity to know
How safe to trust in God, for all things here below.

Far from the fascinating things of sense,
From the gay, glittering, thoughtless world drawn hence.
By what they suffered they would daily learn
Their eyes from vanity, on Him to turn—
On Him to look, on Him alone rely,
Who can each wish and every want supply.
Who having saved would guard from every ill,
His purposed good to do, his gracious word fulfil.

We safely walk when danger is most near,
And trial is our surest teacher here.
Through pain and weakness, suffering and woe,
Jehovah deigns to visit us below;
And O! what glory does his presence shed
Upon the contrite heart, the humble head.

For darkness, light,—for sorrow, bliss he brings,
And on our withered hearts his choicest blessing flings.

Their daily converse with the desert life,
Its solitude and gloom, its toil and strife,
Its rocks and sands, its desolation wide,
To all beyond now placed, and unallied;
From social nature exiled and set free,
Doomed from the busy haunts of men to flee.
Their alternations, both of hope and fear,
Their character has sealed, and countenance severe.

THE MANNA.

HUNGER is maddening to the human heart,
Far hence it bids all other things depart,
And soon becomes the one pervading thought,—
The life, the soul, with one great passion fraught:
All ties, all bonds, all interests merged in one,
All that is hoped or feared beneath the sun;
A hidden fire, which feeds upon the soul,
Its pain no words can charm, or awful power control!

"Would we had died by God's almighty hand!
When full, we dwelt in Egypt's fruitful land.
Why have ye brought us forth like sheep—a prey,
This whole assembly here to kill and slay?"
The Lord then said, "Behold, from heaven I'll rain
Bread in your camp, a rich, abundant grain;—
Each day, a certain rate shall be supplied,—
To all abundance given,—to none the gift denied."

Though trials sore and dangers ever nigh
Lay in their path, and darken all their sky,
Yet as their wants demand, supplies are given,
Timely and gracious, sent to them from heaven.
And thus each anxious care on God is cast,
Whose hand provides, the future as the past.
Sufficient is the day, the ills we bear;
Our daily bread is sure—a table he'll prepare.

We gather what he gives;—'tis not for man
To comprehend that vast and mighty plan
Which fully meets our wishes and our wants,
And to our suffering needs his favor grants.
'Tis not by bread alone that man shall live,
But by each wise appointment God shall give.
And if our wants require,—the desert yields
As rich a harvest thence, as Egypt's fruitful fields.

But none need look for supernatural aid,
Or that a miracle will be displayed,
When nature's laws obedient, will restore
To willing hands a rich and copious store.
'Tis only when from every comfort shorn,
Of hope bereft, all helpless and forlorn,
When human power has failed, and we must die,
His hand will send relief, his power our wants supply.

What man can do, for so it is decreed,
To meet the stern demands his life may need,
God will not do—though giant Want is near
And Famine threat—He will not interfere.
The thriftless drone, the lazy, laggard hind,
From Him no aid may seek, no help shall find,
The Manna came, unasked, unsought, unknown,
Where harvests ne'er were reaped, and grain was never sown.

When wrapt in sleep it fell the camp around,
Gently, as dew upon the thirsty ground;
Small as the tiny coriander seed,
It strewed the camp, the hungry tribes to feed.
Pearly and white, around their tents it lay,
The bread of heaven, sufficient for each day.
At early dawn, the morning task begun,
To gather what they need, ere spoiled by summer's sun.

Six days in every week, this food was given:
Profuse the gift—supplied to them from heaven,—
But on the Sabbath nought was seen to fall,
Though sought by prayer at nature's earnest call.
A double portion, on the previous day,
Met all their wants, their labor to repay.
And thus in each successive week they trod,
Their wants were satisfied by Israel's mighty God.

And thus there wonders every week were wrought:
The first in Manna—which from heaven was brought;
The second,—when a double portion came;
And last,—the food two days remains the same.
Such proofs Jehovah sent them from on high,—
To all the camp, addressed to every eye,—
Of that Almighty power which o'er them reigned,
Which daily met their needs, and nature's wants sustained.

And looking back, in this a type appears,
Of Him, the coming One, of after years.
Who, the true bread, from heaven descends in love,
The food in mercy sent us from above,
To sinners, in the gospel brought so nigh,
On which, unless we eat, we faint and die.
Lord! evermore this precious food impart,
To feed our famished souls, and nourish every heart.

For forty years, the alien race is led,
And with the food of angels daily fed;
The exhaustless store is furnished to their hand,
Until they reach their own, the promised land.
And as a kind memorial of the past,
Through all their wanderings, even to the last,
Of all their wants supplied, each coming day,
Moses within the Ark an omer full did lay.

And when to Canaan, all their wanderings o'er,
The floods they pass, and stand on Jordan's shore,
And reach a land, fertile beyond compare,
Whose flocks and herds and vine-clad hills they share:
No longer now celestial food is given;
The earth supplies what erst was sent from heaven.
No less is kind what God in mercy yields,
The gift unsought above—or food from furrowed fields.

THE WATER.

"I THIRST, I thirst!" naught can assuage the pain,—
The fire within, that burns upon the brain!
Its scorching flame no arm may now control,
Eating the flesh, and drying up the soul.

The hidden flame drinks up the blood, and burns
With such intensity,—its power both spurns
The skill of art—the manhood of the brave,
From its dread ills to flee, or from its hell to save.

'Tis awful on the ocean's stormy main,
If clouds withhold the cool refreshing rain,
When the white canvass all its breadth has spread
To invite the winds, or shade the fainting head,
And the last cup is drained from out the store,
Upon the burning deck and far from shore;
But in the scorching sands and deserts waste,
More dreadful still the lot—without one drop to taste.

Few springs or streams within these wilds are seen,
And many a weary day oft lies between,
And then, perchance, the heart with hope elate,
The bitter waters mock their cruel fate;
Or the next fount by flaming suns is sealed,
And to the eye new horrors stand revealed.
One cooling draught is now more valued than
The golden treasures owned by freighted caravan.

With eye inflamed and bloated lips and tongue,
Strange sounds the ear besets; with brain unstrung,
Mocked by the spectral mirage of the plains,
The wretch now smitten with the bitterest pains,

Left by his slave, who now his Sheik denies,
Nor shares his cup, nor heeds his piteous cries,
But, prostrate leaves him on the sands to die,
To seek his own relief, and from his perils fly.

Ah! who can tell the unimagined dread,
The shuddering fear, which then the feelings spread!
The agony, the strife, the deep suspense,
To which the soul awakes through every sense!
Deeper than line e'er sounded in the wave,—
The thirst, as quenchless as the insatiate grave.
With claspéd hands, the image of despair,
They pour their bitter griefs, and fill the burdened air.

Like a great drama, forms before them rise,
Troops fill the air, the sea, the earth, the skies,—
Fountain and stream and limpid waters run
For ever near—yet distant as the sun.
Birds, beasts, and reptiles,—all that live partake,
But not one drop their burning thirst to slake!
And with the sense that all is lost—they groan,
Or stand in mute despair, insensate as a stone.

E'en the sweet solace which the mind may reap,
When lost to trouble, by the power of sleep,
Is now denied; no opiate can control
The awful ravings of the maddened soul.

Or if quick slumbers seize upon the sense,
Visions unreal rise, to drive them thence,
Cool fountains, streams, and running brooks are seen,
And sylvan woods and shades, and everduring green.

If now the mind, forgetful of the past,
On future bliss could all its burden cast,
Ceasing to think of joys for ever gone,—
Of brighter days, when life was in its dawn;
Far easier then to bear the ills that press
If hope's sweet smile would by its presence bless,
And no regrets, like barbéd arrows keen,
Remind them of their loss—how happier they have been.

"Oh, that I'd water from the moss-clad well
Of Bethlehem!" when the mysterious spell
Of battle, and the shock of glittering arms,
Spread dire confusion round and dread alarms!
Said one, (of after times)—of noble line,
Whose pen albeit around his brow did twine
A wreath more verdant than his sword had won,
Though mightiest of that race this bloody work hath done,

When three, the bravest of his men, broke through
Philistia's hosts, and quick the water drew,
Clearing a passage in the mail-clad walls,
Amid opposing arms and dangerous thralls.

And with their helmets dripping from the spring,
Soon to his parchéd lips the waters bring.
But to *his* eye, the cup seemed stained with gore!
The price of blood he waived, and on the ground did pour.

And so intense the burning thirst that day,
When serried troops, in battle's dread array,
On Talavera's plains contending stood,
Staining its waters with each foemen's blood;
Amid the shock of arms the hosts stood still,
Each face to face, beside the limpid rill;—
A pause ensued,—as if some mighty spell
Had fallen—and each the other passed the dripping shell.

Thus 'midst the furious onset, and the rage
Of mad ambition, which no power can cage;
Dark thoughts of direful vengeance, and of hate,
Where hope and fear their bosoms alternate;
When with unpitying fury flies the steel,
And generous hearts no kind emotions feel;
E'en then, when battling legions, like the main
Driven by the tempest's shock—nature pleads not in vain.

The chosen tribes, with weary foot and limb,
Now pitch their tents by rocky Rephidim;
Fainting with thirst, oppressed with grief, they sink,
Chiding their leader, for the cooling drink.

"Why hast thou brought us out, to kill us here,
We and our cattle, and our children dear?"
Fierce with unbridled rage, they madly rave,
And threaten Moses now with an untimely grave.

How like a fiend does passion move the soul!
Reason in vain asserts supreme control.
Drunken with rage, the godlike spirit reels,
Nor duty, interest, justice, conscience, feels;
'Mongst friends, long tried and true, the cov'nant breaks,
And o'er the head the rod in anger shakes.
And firebrands, arrows, death are scattered wide,
And wrath his throne erects on murder's crimson tide.

"Is God among us? has he left us hence
Without one ray of hope, one sure defence?"
Poor thoughtless souls! was not the desert spread
That very morn, with their accustomed bread?
What better proof, that He whose hands supply
The food of angels, would not let them die!
He who in mercy did their food prepare,
Would not the tribes forsake, nor leave them to despair.

"Go," said the Lord to Moses, "lead your flock
Along these wastes, to Horeb's flinty rock,
And with the elders marching by your side,
Haste with your rod, command the profluent tide;

And by that power which cleaved the rolling sea,
The streams shall flow, abundant, full, and free;
Behold, I'll stand upon the savage stone,
My arm shall do the work—sufficient and alone!"

The young, the old, the infant and the sire,
Burning with thirst, now haste to quench its fire.
With parchéd lips, some to the fount repair,—
More generous others, quick their chalice share;
Some prone now fall upon the glowing sands,
And eager drink their full, on outstretched hands;
The streams increase—the watery torrents flow,
And o'er the rocks they leap, to seek the plains below.

O'er the huge cliffs and adamantine walls,
In bold cascades the thundering cataract falls,
And in the mists which from the waters rise,
Iris traversing iris strike their eyes.
Here, as a river bold, it moves along
The deep defiles, the granite rocks among;
And there, outspreading as a lake or sea,
The gathering waters haste within its depths to flee.

Whilst on the rock from which the waters fly
The cloudy pillar cleaves the azure sky.
Within its dome Jehovah holds his throne,
Dark with excessive light—He dwells alone;

Its shade o'er all the camp is now outspread,
A covert safe to each defenceless head.
Beneath its cool retreat their rest prolong,
With grateful offerings made, and loud exulting song.

AMALEK.

The murmuring tribes still by their champion led,
Now meet a foe, subtle and fierce and dread.
The Bedóuin wanderer—Amalek by name—
Upon their rear by stealth and cunning came;
Such as e'en now infest the sultry plains,
Intent on plunder and dishonest gains.
Basely they fell upon the infirm and weak,
And on their feeble heads a bloody vengeance wreak.

Like evil birds, that scent their destined prey
Afar, they follow Israel on their way.
Inured to war, the fierce, ungenerous foe,
On the defenceless deal the murderous blow;
The distant flank, harassed by lawless bands,
An easy prey now fall, by practised hands.
But soon they'll learn how terrible the stroke
Will visit those in wrath who Israel's God provoke.

A chosen leader from their ranks they find,
A man of generous heart and noble mind,
Who, under God, a saviour now became,
And by his valor won heroic fame;
He on the plains selects his hardy bands,
And trusts the fate of battle in their hands.
The willing hosts around his standard form
Boldly to meet the foe, and brave the gathering storm.

And Moses, on a rock uplifted high,
His hands now raises, suppliant to the sky,
And with his rod, the banner of his strength,
Deliverance knew would come to him at length.
Here to the God of battles anxious sought
Defence for those who for their kindred fought.
Whilst in the plains the warlike tribes are seen
Beating the foe to dust the intervals between.

And ere the sun was set, the chosen race,
Drove them far back, in ruin and disgrace.
The crimson tide smoked on the ensanguined plain
Of those who fell by edge of battle slain.
And then Jehovah to his servant said,
"Write in a book, to be rehearsed and read,
I will forever blot the hated name
Of Amalek your foe—condemned to scorn and shame."

And Moses built an altar to the Lord,
A fit memorial of the faithful word.
God now had uttered 'gainst the doomed foe,
Who unprovoked first dealt the impious blow.
Here on its sides deep graven now were laid.
"Jehovah Nissi,"—Israel's only aid.
Who gave this pledge to Israel when forlorn,
Of future conquests won—the Ark before them borne.

THE CLOUD.

The aerial ocean, subtle, vast, profound,
No plummet line its depths can ever sound.
Shoreless, it sweeps the earth on every side—
The earth a point within its circling tide.
Ebbing and flowing, as a thing of life,
Now calm, then fierce with elemental strife,
Serene and bright, or by the tempest riven,
Clouds troop the darkened sky, by force resistless driven.

How like a viewless spirit is its wings;
From every zone its breath fresh odors brings,
Or with its airy fingers strikes the lyre
With tones impregnate with celestial fire.

Now with a murmuring sigh its notes prolong,
And now the thunder of its choral song.
Its symphony is heard with every breeze
The hollow caves among, and through the forest trees.

The earth to man has brought an ample dower,
And e'en the seas reluctant, own his power;
But o'er thy azure depths, though anxious sought,
No rights he claims, nor treasures has he brought—
Save when the electric spark its secrets yields,
On harps of wire, along thy ample fields.
So light, ethereal, is thy mighty flood,
Our fellowship it spurns—too gross is flesh and blood!

An inner world of beauty meets the eye,
Throughout this wide domain of air and sky,
A symbol of the Infinite sublime
Circling all space, within the realms of time,
In which the stars for ever set and rise
In the blue arch, and people all the skies,—
Filling the soul with thoughts no words can tell,
And longings undefined, by their most potent spell.

These ever-burning lamps, how bright they shine!
Mirrors of splendour, lustrous and divine.
How calm they look upon our world below,—
Now pale, now blushing with a roseate glow.

How peaceful is their home, and blest they seem!
How chaste their light, and radiant their beam!
Oh! I would dwell within your bright abode,
And leave this dreary sphere, and ever be with God!

How strange the harmonies that mark their way!
What heavenly powers to Israel came each day!
If nature fails to yield them a supply,
A hand Omnipotent is ever nigh.
No food, the myriad hosts can now command,
And lo! it falls upon the sterile sand.
No waters, in the sultry wastes appear,
And from the rocks they flow, abundant, free, and clear.

So when the burning sun his heat displays,
The cloud defends them from its sultry rays;
And when the night o'erspreads its darkened plume,
The fiery pillar all the heavens illume.
So natural,—the divine,—that understood,
To sense and reason, seems both wise and good.
If faith be startled at these wondrous signs,
Fling to the winds your doubts, and mock not heaven's designs.

Over the sands, with gentle motion swayed,
The banner-cloud its glorious hues displayed;
At morn and noon the sun's refracted light
In mellow rays now blends divinely bright,

Tinged with the varied dye, it spreads its wings
O'er all the heavens, and from its bosom flings
Its gorgeous tints along their chequered way,
Their march relieving thus, throughout the livelong day.

This pilot at the helm, thus safely led,
A beacon star through all the paths they tread,
O'er hills and crags, or through the shadowy vales,
O'er the bright sands, or midst the flowery dales,
Yielding light shade, on all it fell beneath,
Softening the green and tempering the heath,
Its mighty shadow o'er the encampment spread,
Cooling the heated air—a cover to the head.

This cloud alone is seen upon the sky,
Lifting its form with solemn pomp on high;
Within its shade each object grows apace,
And e'en the crags assume a milder face;
And the wide range of moving sands before
Seem like an ocean spread, without a shore.
Enclosed within this wide pavilion, they
Pursue their toilsome march, and onward urge their way.

Or when the tribes, rebellious, dare provoke,
The cloud evolving flame, appeared like smoke,
Infolding on itself; it shot afar,
Paling the heavens—a strange, portentous star.

Or like the whirlwind coming from the north,
Far in the wilderness, it now stands forth,
And dark its shadow as the awful gloom
That marks the tempest's wing, or rests upon the tomb.

Or when on Sinai's rock, the fiery law
Jehovah gave,—filling the tribes with awe.
In a thick cloud, spreading a darkened pall,
In sombre shades upon their heads now fall.
The giant hills enveloped in its shroud
Shake with the wrath of the tempestuous cloud,
While the fierce flames which from its bosom break,
Spread terror all around, causing each heart to quake.

And when some oracle would God disclose
Before the hallowed Tent, the cloud arose;
And like a beacon on some neighboring hill,
Lifting its arrowy form, it now stood still;
And God came down, within the sacred shrine,
And gave command, with many a mystic sign.
'Twas thus he came, when Miriam envious spoke,
And Aaron dared to break their sovereign leader's yoke.

But chief at night enshrined, they safely lie
Within its light,—bathing both earth and sky;
Sending its beams throughout the camp, it shed
Its mellow rays on all around now spread.

The sand illumined by its star-like ray,
Lit by its fires, their brilliant forms display.
E'en the brown shrub and withered grass are seen
Catching its glorious hues, and gladdened by its sheen.

And as its distant beams fade from the sight,
Mantling the desert with its softning light,
Mountain and crag and rippling waters gleam
In the chaste beauty of its silvery beam;
And the bright, lustrous stars, that shine above,
Look through the transparent veil, like eyes of love;
And the white tents, upon the plains below,
Stand in its mellow light, like hillocks formed of snow.

SONG OF THE CLOUD.

Cloud and pillar, Lord, art thou!
To thy sweet commands we bow;
Of thy chosen tribes—the head,
As through desert wastes we tread,

Safely wilt thou guide our feet,
Till on Zion's mount we meet;
Never wilt thou leave alone,
Those, thou claimest as thy own.

By thy word and Spirit blest,
Thou wilt lead us to that rest
Where our wanderings then shall cease,
And our feet shall rest in peace.

And when troubles near us stand,
Thou wilt guide us by thy hand—
Ever present, ever near,
We no enemies shall fear.

And when fierce temptations rise,
As a banner in the skies,
O'er our path its folds will spread,
Shading our defenceless head.

Having trod the way before,
All its trials thou hast bore,
And no evils we shall find,
But thy feet has left behind.

Thou, our shield along the way,
From the scorching fires by day:
Thou, our shadow through the night,
From the moon's more sickly light.

Or, when dangers, like a blast,
Come upon us loud and fast,

Thou, our refuge still will be,
In our dread extremity.

Gentle shepherd! by thy side
We shall find a faithful guide.
And, defended by thy hand,
Safely reach the promised land.

SINAI.

Ye everlasting hills, whose summits rise
From depths unknown, and cleave the azure skies:
Whose slopes are covered with perpetual spring,
Or crowned with snow—thy grandeur would I sing;
Or girt with clouds, or in the purer air,
Most awful thou, and yet divinely fair:
Who ever gazed upon thy bulwarks strong,
But felt the gift of prayer, the utterance of song!

'Tis well, escaping from the petty strife
Of this our mortal, transitory life,
To look abroad upon the wonders old,
The yawning caverns and the mountains bold;

Forest and stream, and clouds on swift wings borne,
And cliffs by earthquakes rent, by thunders torn.
Man feels his littleness, and learns to rise
Above his sensual state, to worlds beyond the skies.

Enthroned, these monarchs of the earth now seem
Holding their regal court o'er land and stream,
Lifting their crownéd peaks, all bathed in light,
Throughout the garish day and sober night.
Their giant masses crowd the distant scene,
'Mid caverns deep, and tarn and lake between;—
These bid all meaner things far hence to flee,
O'erpowering every sense with Gods infinity.

We wonder not that Byron's pen of fire,
Touched with a bolder hand the living lyre,
When from the Jura to the Alpine hills
The thunder-cloud the wide horizon fills.
Nor stood entranced amid that awful storm,
To mould in song its dark majestic form,
And rose in grandeur, with the scene sublime;—
He wove one verse at least, will live through coming time.

Or Coleridge, thou a still more gifted seer,
When from Chamouni's vale, awe-struck with fear,
He gazed upon Mount Blanc, "earth's rosy star,"
When the first beams of morn were shooting far,

In adoration, and with eyes suffused,
Enrapt—on its gigantic form he mused,
And poured an avalanche of mighty song,
Whose notes were not of earth,—they to the heavens belong.

The ark of all our hopes still rests in thee!
Hid in eternal snows, no change shall see;
When the fierce Roman, with his legions dire,
Subdued the earth, that groaned beneath his ire,
Among the Hills the bold Cantabrian stood,
A bulwark strong against the swelling flood,
Shook his rude lance and hurled the mountain stone,—
Indomitably firm they stood, unconquered and alone!

And in those ages dark, when papal Rome
Sent forth its crimson waters, mad with foam,
And with the flood was ready to devour
The helpless woman by his vengeful power,
She fled to Alpine hills, and in their caves
A haven found secure against the waves.
Borne as on eagles' wings she found "her place"
A sure retreat and safe, beyond the serpent's face.

The hills were altars, built by God's own hand;
Hoary with age, as awful fanes they stand,—
To freedom sacred, and religion too,
Where praised the pure in heart, the good, the true;

Where courage, manhood, piety have shed
Their richest tears and blood upon their head:
The foster-fathers of that generous race,
Whose deeds of ancient fame e'en time cannot efface.

Amid these everlasting hills we find
Food for the thought, and wisdom for the mind.
Emerging from the gloomy shades of night,
With earliest dawn they catch the new-born light;
On lofty ridges, splintered by the storm,
The beacon-fires now bathe each rugged form.
A thousand gloomy spectres they dispel,
Both from the mind of man, and forest, glade, and dell.

Behold that group of granite, deep and dense,
A bulwark strong of glory and defence;
An aggregate of crystals clear and bright,
Their beauteous colors flashing in the sight!
Who placed them here, arranged with such wise art?
Who formed the mass, disposed with skill each part?
A hand of might, with wondrous power divine
Each separate gem did make, and all the parts combine.

In all these fragments, rough and rude, there shine,
Proofs of high order and of power divine;
No art of man can imitate the skill
In shade and texture which these forms fulfil.

So nicely harmonized, with care so weighed,
Each tint so perfect to the eye displayed.
No room is here for Chance her hand to try;—
Who taught her skill in art—where learned she chemistry?

Of old thy works I will remember well,
And all thy wondrous deeds my lips would tell;
In days of old, the years of ancient times,
In realms remote in far-off distant climes.
For by his works, as also by his word,
The voice of God distinctly may be heard.
For who, O Lord, may be compared to thee!
A God of might and love—of glorious majesty!

Thy works both small and great thy power declare,
Amid the watery world,—the sea, the air.
The ant, the locust, with their feeble bands,
And in the rich saloon, the spider's hands,
Or huge leviathan, in seas that swim,
Confess thy might, as the 'rapt seraphim!
His love and wisdom everywhere appear,
To all instruction give, who have an "ear to hear."

The mountain fastnesses, rock-ribbed and bold,
Deep-rooted stand, as in creation old.
The pillared monument of that dread might
Which framed the earth, and said, "Let there be light."

Its beams first fell upon thy crested head,
And on thy crown-clad cliffs its rays were shed.
The sun by day, the stars which nightly shone,
On thy bold turrets high, their first bright beams were
thrown.

From the tall cliffs He sends the gushing springs,
And as they leap, the joyous valley sings.
The rippling waves reflect the noonday's sun,
As round their verdant sides the waters run.
From the high chambers of earth's mighty dome,
They find their secret place, their chosen home,
Descending thence, like gems of purest ray
On thy vast summits fall, and all their might display.

When from the east the morn's refulgent beams,
In golden light athwart the horizon gleams,
Thy peaks first catch their rays and glow with fire,
And fragrant shrubs the breath of heaven inspire,—
Loading the winds with odors rich and rare,
While the green forests wave their branches fair;
And birds of joyous song send forth their lay
To hail the rising morn and usher in the day.

A single ray a thousand forms creates,
Each varied hue upon its pencil waits;
Dubious the gleam, confused and vague the lines,
As the quick flash upon the landscape shines;

The quivering beams now touch the summits high,
Dance on the towering pines that cleave the sky;
And wide upon the hoary forest gleams,
Contending with the clouds formed by the mountain streams.

The glowing brightness of the ruddy light
The giant shadows startle and affright.
Deep in the glen the evolving vapor rolls,
Until the cavern depths its power controls:
Its rays diverging through the mists then dart,
And hill and vale and streams to life now start.
On all, it touches with its radiant hand
Glows with the orient flame, majestically grand.

The mountain cliff, beneath whose awful steep
The thundering torrents with their surges sweep,
O'er broken crags, torn from their massive walls,
Impetuous, loud, the bellowing echo calls;
And the white mists in cloudy columns rise,
Darkening the vale and spreading o'er the skies,
And far below its black and barren head
The tempest angry howls, or circling rainbows spread.

Amid these crags and mountains hoar there lie
The seeds all pregnant with true poetry;—
Each glint of sunshine on the vale below,
Each stream that struggles in its onward flow,

Each cloud that rises from the caverns wide,
Each torrent bounding with its ocean tide,
Each glacier gleaming with a thousand hues,
Kindles the latent spark, and fires the nascent muse.

The dew on Hermon sparkled all the day,
So dark the shade that on its bosom lay;
The tender grass on all its slopes was seen,
Fanned by the breeze, and ever fresh and green;
And 'midst its towering trees and scented vines,
The shepherd sings, or weary he reclines:
While flocks and herds, along its verdant side,
Browse in the morning sun, or in the covert hide.

The Lord is great in Zion—'tis his throne;
Of all the hills this has he chose alone.
Joy of the earth—most glorious to behold!
His choicest blessings here were seen of old.
On this the dews of heaven in showers were shed,
And light supernal crowned its hallowed head.
"Here will I dwell for ever, here will reign
As long as suns shall rise, and moons shall wax and wane."

Though often God by prophets spake his word,
Seldom his voice in person has been heard.
Retired behind the elements he reigns,
And only as the occasion needs, he deigns

To speak;—then, audibly and clear,
That earth and heaven with silent awe may hear.
When by creative power the worlds were made,
He spake the word, and lo! the pillared earth was laid.

So when the fiery law to Israel given,
His voice in thunder-tones, then shook the heaven.
Then did he form a people for his name,
Which through the earth should publish long his fame.
The chosen tribes were summoned at his feet
To hear, with awe, the words his lips repeat.
As from the cloud his voice in thunders roll,
And with the lightnings edged,—struck terror to the soul.

So when the reign of grace on earth began,
And God revealed his wondrous love to man,
Though silent long no voice in vision spoke,
Once now again his word the silence broke.
The heavens were opened, and the mystic dove
Gently descended from the realms above,
And on the head of Jesus having fell,
Full without measure hence within his heart to dwell.

And then that voice, sweet as the breath of morn,
Between the parted skies to earth was borne,—
"Behold my son, the well-beloved, behold!"
As when on Sinai it was heard of old.

And thus assurance yields, that now is given
The long-expected age—the reign of Heaven.
That He, the coming one, Messiah blest,
Stood in their midst to give, the long-expected rest.

His wisdom, nature's wide domain confess,
And in the law is justice seen no less;
But in the Gospel do we see his love,
In riches great, all human thought above;
Its height, no eye can reach, no angel scan;
Its depth, unfathomed by the hand of man;
Its length, unmeasured by the loftiest mind;
Its breadth, all worlds exceed and matter leaves behind.

If the fierce spirit of that gifted one,
Inferno's deep abysses would not shun,
But far within its caverns wide would stray,
To thread its tortuous paths and dreary way,
Until the ideal forms before him rise,
Live in his presence, fresh before his eyes,
And, startled by the ghosts his wand had raised,
He stood aghast with fear and horror-stricken gazed.

What shuddering dread now fell upon their hearts,
When Sinai girt with flame before them starts;
When the wild tempests o'er its turrets sweep,
And the hoarse thunder, long and loud and deep,

And lightnings fierce touch its tall cliffs with smoke,
And the loud trumpet all their echoes woke;—
Such scenes before to man did ne'er appear:
The heart of Moses quaked exceedingly with fear.

Around its base the trembling hosts now stand,
To receive the law direct from God's own hand;
Each word attended by the thunder's roar,
And to the ear its awful import bore;
And more intense the growing terrors rise,
Rending the rocks and darkening all the skies,
Until the last of all those words were spoke,
Jehovah's ten commands, which from the darkness
broke.

How dread the scene, how awful was the word,
When the "live leaping thunders" loud were heard:
The fit accompaniment of that law severe,
Wakening their slumbering guilt and latent fear;
The symbols of that flaming sword, unsheathed,
With justice pointed, and with lightnings wreathed,
Which knows no mercy, and no pity shows,
But with unmitigated wrath strikes down the rebel foes.

Ten words alone were heard, ten precepts given,
The sum of all Jehovah speaks from heaven;—
The law organic for the newborn state,
Given with regal pomp and glory great;

And to the nation, headed by their king,
That they a willing service thence might bring,
"All, all thou hast commanded we will do!"
The tribes at once declare, most faithfully and true.

Shrouded in darkness, awful and severe,
The trembling hosts the solemn precepts hear.
But such the terror of that august scene,
The trumpet's voice each pregnant word between;
The thunder's roar, the lightning's fiercer flame,
The stoutest heart o'erwhelmed with fear became,
And when the last command fell on their ear,
The awe-struck tribes refused another word to hear.

A sterile rock, built by Almighty hands,
A throne becomes, on which Jehovah stands,
No throngéd city and no hallowed shrine
Were honored thus with signals so divine.
Here, in the desert wastes, and mountains wild
Untouched by man, with hammer undefiled;—
Above,—the glowing heavens, sublimely bright,
The witnesses became of this most wondrous sight.

A granite group, the nucleus of the whole,
Rent, as by fires pent up within the soul,
Furrowed and torn in many a tortuous seam,
Whose cavern depths with myriad crystals gleam.

No trace of art relieves the dreary pile;
No sculptured stone their anxious hearts beguile.
Huge, desolate, and grand, they stand to brave
The hungry tooth of time, mute, sullen as the grave.

Fit temple this from which creation's Lord
Should issue thence supreme his awful word!
Himself a shrine, within whose ample walls
The earth and heavens are consecrated halls;
Within whose chambers wide, his presence deigns,
And o'er whose mighty realms as sovereign reigns,
What then to Him the city's gathering crowd
To whom all things belong? He loves to stain the proud.

Myriads of angels throng the sacred place,
When God on Sinai's rock unveils his face.
Troops line the sky—in splendid columns rise,
Above the milky way, the azure skies;—
And bear, engraved on stone, the ten commands,
With reverent grace, from their Creator's hands;
And through these lofty ranks of heavenly state,
The covenant they bring, from Israel's potentate.

Two polished tables of the flinty stone,
Graved on each side, contain the law, alone,
In letters large, their surface covered o'er;
Israel admonished thence to add no more.

The decade perfect, absolute, complete,
A sacred symbol, apposite and meet.
Nothing is wanting thence throughout the whole
Of these most pregnant words, their actions to control.

Ten were the plagues which fell on Egypt sore,
"Ten times" the cup had Israel's follies bore.
The tenth of all they made to God was given,
Admonished thence, they had their all from heaven.
So when the Law, most holy, good, and just,
Was given to Israel as a sacred trust,
Ten precepts comprehend the ample plan
Of all they owed to God, or duties man to man.

The master spirit of that wondrous day,
Whom under God the nation should obey,
Lived in an age in which no offering
On truth's high altar could the wisest bring.
He stood apart—a solitary light,
Lustrous and strong, with God's own radiance bright,
Forming an epoch thence, whose mighty power
Is felt through coming time—most potent at this hour.

Deep in his mind, the precepts of that word
In lines engraved,—the law on Sinai heard.
Serious and grave, considerate his air,—
His face with thought impressed, and public care.

And as the soul with one great passion fraught,
Or feels the power of one creative thought,
Lives thence for ever in its radiant sphere,
So he its spirit felt—a presence ever near.

And thus the mind of Israel's chosen chief,
Bearing a nation's care, sought no relief
In private friendship, or the sweet content
Of social love, by heaven in mercy sent.
But daily bore the burden on him laid,
Sought from above alone, all-needful aid;
Himself—a consecration sacred, pure,
His anxious days throughout, as long as they endure.

Beauty of person soon will pass away,
Fortune eludes the grasp and will not stay;
Grandeur of state palls on the sated sense,
And fame, inconstant, soon may leave us hence;
Talent and genius like the flowers may fade,
Or lead to ruin by their fatal aid;
But virtue, like a light that shines afar,
For ever gilds our path—a chaste—a guiding star.

Moses comes near, when God had given his law,
From all without, in darkness to withdraw;
Within the cloud enshrined, to all unseen,
Secret with God, an audience held between.

Long was the period, tedious the delay,
Israel expecting him from day to day;
Until they feared that God had borne him thence,
To realms of light beyond the narrow world of sense.

Within the cloud Jehovah gave those rites
And precepts pure in which his soul delights,
To regulate the service due his name,
The homage which his truth and justice claim.
Each statute faithfully and full to give,
That in his mind the sacred lore may live;
And charged him hence to speak them to the ear,
That all the tribes may heed the statutes which they hear.—

Then wrote them in a book preserved with care,
And in the tent a shrine did he prepare,
In which these sacred archives he did lay,
To read and ponder well from day to day.
Upon their heart and always by their side,
These laws and statutes ever should abide;
Parents to children should the lesson give,
Abroad, at home, to learn, as long as they should live.

When by the way they walked, or faint reclined,
The sacred sign upon their hand to bind;
As frontlets on their foreheads they should be
Addressed to all who had an eye to see.

On each familiar spot, the door, the gate,
To them the faithful lesson should relate;
That daily they might hear and learn and do
His precepts just and good, and all his ways pursue.

The heathen's God was nature deified,
Not the Great Spirit to his works allied;
Their thoughts so rude, so vulgar was their mind,
So dark their understanding and so blind,
They worshipped what they felt and heard and saw,
And nature was to them their only law;
A "neuter abstract," undefined, unknown,
A senseless God to them,—the only one they own.

Necessity and fate their only rule,
And man,—a thing of chance, an idle tool;
His highest aim, with ignorant awe and mute,
To own a power supreme and absolute!
Not quite extinct the thought, nor wholly fled,
Of one Great Spirit who the heavens spread;
Yet so confused, so fragmentary—rude,
That infinite in form before their minds he stood.

Not Him the self-existent, conscious one!
Creation's Lord and nature's glorious sun;
The universe—a garment o'er him cast!
The light, the life, "the first and him the last,"

Whose presence space pervades, however wide,
Or matter fills with life or lays aside.
Who, if creation were a blank to-day,
Himself alone would be, for ever and for aye.

"I am the Lord thy God," Jehovah spoke,
"No other gods but me shalt thou invoke."
This was the central truth, now heard with awe,
The life, the soul of Sinai's holy law;
The one great lesson taught the chosen race,
Which chance nor change shall ever hence efface;
Creation owns the truth, with awe profound,
And silently adores to matter's utmost bound.

THE TABERNACLE.

When Jacob once, a wandering alien, fled
Before a brother's hate, with fear and dread,
Forlorn and desolate, with bitter heart,
Doomed from his home and kindred to depart,
Reaping the fruit of error and of wrong,—
The grief and anguish which to vice belong,—
A safe asylum sought in climes afar,
His only hope in God, and faith his guiding star.

From all the pleasant walks of men, bereft,
Fortune, and fame, and kindred, now he left;
Remorse and doubt companions all the day,
And nought to solace or to cheer the way—
The saddest period of his chequered life,
And full of gloom, of terror, and of strife,—
When first he turned his footsteps from his home,
Where every sweet he shared,—a wanderer to roam.

Beneath the open sky, to calm his woes
He laid him down at eve, and sought repose,—
A stone his pillow, and his couch the earth,—
Cheerless, as if an outcast from his birth;
The dew fell thick upon his humble head,
And gloom and darkness o'er his senses spread,
Till sleep sweet solace to his bosom brings,
And round his troubled heart her rich nepenthé flings.

That hour of deep abasement and of shame,
To him, the brightest of his life became;
The tears of penitence his heart had spent,
The deep confessions, which to heaven he sent,
The vow of restitution, humbly given,
Brought to his soul a rich reward from heaven,—
Not to approve the fraud his hand did trace,
But to exalt the gift of goodness and of grace!

Howe'er unworthy, and how much forlorn—
From home an alien, and of comforts shorn;
Oppressed with grief, and chastened by the rod,
Abandoned, as he feared, of hope and God,
In vision bright, before his inner eye,
A glorious vista opens in the sky;
Troops of angelic forms now fill the air,—
They bend from heaven to earth in grace divinely fair.

Between two distant worlds, a medium stands:
The space is crowded by angelic bands;
Rank above rank, the glorious forms are seen,
Each face now lit with heaven's resplendent sheen,
And from the farthest point of their long lines,
Jehovah's face in rays benignant shines:
Descending gently, and ascending, they
Bear messages of peace until the break of day.

And when, awaking from that magic sleep,
In which these "shining ones" their vigils keep,
Waiting, obedient on the sovereign word
Of Him, their ruler, and their mighty Lord,
"How dreadful is this place!" awe-struck he cries,
As the blest vision faded from his eyes;
"The gate of heaven—the house of God is here!
This place, a Bethel, hence for ever shall appear."

So when the Word made flesh by man was seen,
The space was filled the earth and heavens between,
A blessed mediation then began,
Sustained and opened by the Son of Man!
Along the linkéd way, blest angels trod,
And man again held converse with his God:
The night still lingers, though 'tis now far spent,
And messengers of light and love along the line are sent.

When God on Sinai gave His law complete,
To Abram's seed, now gathered at his feet,
To form a bond of union, close and near,
He gave command, a sacred tent to rear—
A habitation, where He chose to dwell,—
His throne within the cloudy oracle;
From thence He held communion with the race,
Through Aaron and his sons, conversing face to face.

And as the tribes a wandering life now spent,
Pitching, each night, the frail and simple tent,
No habitation had, or fixed abode,
As through the desert wastes they weary trod;
So the Great King sought but a transient home,
While o'er the plains the hosts of Israel roam,
But with them, like a brief sojourner dwelt,
Seeming to share their toils and all the pains they felt.

"Make me a tent, the chosen tribes among,
Where I, their sovereign Lord, may dwell, so long
As they, far distant from the promised land,
Shall guided be, by my own powerful hand,—
They here shall know, that I, the Lord, am He
Who from Egyptian bondage set them free;
Here will I meet you, and my will declare
Within this sacred fane, built with proportions fair."

A willing tribute now the people bring,
Of every one, some costly offering
Of gold and silver, and of jewels rare,
And cloth of varied hue, and linen fair,
Of precious stones, and skins of diverse name,
And spices rich, and oil of noted fame,
So full their hands, the generous service paid
And lavish poured their gifts, till God their bounty stayed.

On the dim shadows of that ritual state,
'Twas meet the tribes obediently should wait;
The helps their natural weakness now demands,
Are kindly furnished to their needy hands;
Each sense was quickened through these outward means,
By which their untaught minds on God now leans,
As infancy requires each prop and stay,
Its nascent powers to rouse, and strengthen day by day.

Each inlet to the soul did God address,
Each sense a door through which he might impress
Thoughts of high import, seldom clearly seen;
Symbols he placed, the eye and mind between.
That truths sublime, and therefore dim, might find
An easy entrance to the untutored mind,
Of being, life, of law, and liberty,
Of conscience, duty, truth, and immortality.

But still these ministrations seem most weak
To serve the wants our yearning spirits seek:
These sensuous objects in our vision, find
No just proportions to the heavenward mind,—
An inward proof they yield to reason's eye,
Of our exalted birth and destiny;
So gifted fearfully, so strangely made,
We seek for higher moods, and spurn their feeble aid.

To think, to reason, and to ponder well,
To note each wish which in our bosoms swell,
To mount aloft, as on some swelling tide,
Demand the stalwart arm, the practised guide;
No easy task, to walk the narrow way
Which leads the pilgrim to a brighter day;
To climb each steep, each dangerous pass to brave,
A sturdy will demands, and strength and manhood crave.

It was not *truth* so much as shades of truth,
Mere gleams of sunshine, as are seen in youth,
The images of things half shaped and dim,
Which through the mist, before the senses swim,
That Israel's chosen seed with wonder saw,
In the dark symbols of the ritual law;
These mystic signs but few could read or spell—
The inner truth was hid, its meaning none could tell.

A habitation which the eye could see,
Became a palace for the Deity!
He whom the heaven of heavens could not contain,
Is circumscribed within this small domain,—
Here in these narrow limits, they may find
The boundless, infinite, eternal mind;
Their faith now finds an inlet through the sense,
Proportioned to the mind, and haply drawn from thence.

'Tis thus the well-taught scribe seeks to impart
His early lessons to the infant heart,
Contracts his mind within the narrow bound
In which the object of his care is found,
And by the aid his generous art supplies,
New light he gives, adjusted to their eyes,
In measure nicely suited to the mind,
Lest with excess of light, the mental eye should blind.

The pattern of this tent to Moses given,
Conceived and drawn, was handed him from heaven,
In all its parts with nice adjustment made,
Before his eye was pictured and displayed;
With skill divine, above the power of man,
The draft was made,—exact and full the plan—
No room was left for human hand to trace
A line, or add a point,—one tittle to efface!

For, as a single surd, however small,
Will bring confusion and distrust on all,
Disturbing, by its presence dire, the skill
And certain use which numbers may fulfil;
So, should the will of man, with daintiest care
Of wit or reason, any part prepare,
Of this most intricate and model fane,—
His hand would mar the work, and leave a fatal stain.

Full oft Jehovah gives to him command,
To arrange each part, well ordered by his hand,—
All liberty of choice forbid to use,
Nor dare the rights deputed to abuse,—
To form each part, arranged in proper place,
To adjust the whole, as shown him face to face;
That so this shadowy tent henceforth might be,
Of heavenly things a type, divine in symmetry.

Prophetic thus, it looked to better days,—
The future glory of the Church displays;
And secret, folds within its shadows dim,
Truths of high import, hid from cherubim.
Its treasured wealth, its rich and varied lore,
For faith and hope, a full exhaustless store,—
To Israel, dark, unmeaning, undefined,
To *us*, a firmament of stars—a light to guide the mind.

BALAAM.

"Come, curse me Jacob, Israel now defy!"
Balak the King of Moab, loud did cry,
To Balaam, son of Beor, standing near
A wicked prophet, an apostate seer.
Prince of that lineage, who profanely dare
To desecrate their gifts, divinely fair,
And lay their offerings on polluted stone,—
Offerings both rich and rare,—due to the Lord alone.

'Tis strange that Truth—a radiant seraph, finds
A lodgment in such earthborn, selfish minds,
That she will deign to force an utterance thence
From these—the slaves of passion and of sense!

That gems so precious should be given, the while,
To hands impure, to hearts so base and vile;—
That the rare gift—"the faculty divine"
'Mid vapors damp and foul, should so resplendent shine.

The gift of genius is a dangerous thing,
Though sages grave and bards its praises sing;
Too oft 'tis steeped with lust and pride and shame,
Or dies, consumed in its own maddened flame.
And if profane,—the incense by her given
Abhorred—her ardors never reach to heaven.
Though from above, the offspring of the skies,
If false to heaven, her home, her wings can never rise.

But when devoted, with an earnest zeal,
To Truth's high mission and to man's best weal,
Those gifts she consecrates which heaven bestows
To teach us wisdom, and to heal our woes;
To curb the will, to inform the darkened mind;
To unstop the ear, give eyesight to the blind;
To bring the wanderer back when led astray,
Direct the path to heaven, and onward lead the way—

Then, like an angel from the realms above,
Her voice is melody, her look is love;
Graceful her mien, and godlike is her brow;
Both young and old before her presence bow.

A priest of Nature! from her altars rise
The fragrant incense, reaching to the skies;
To her decrees all ages will defer,—
Of Nature and of God elect interpreter!

The prophet Balaam, eager, now drew near,—
The artful wizard, and the wicked seer;
In haste the mountain-top he now ascends,
And there the false and true he strangely blends;
Proud of the prestige of his mighty name,
Perchance elated with his long-earned fame,
To gain one laurel more, for pride or pelf,
He enters on his impious work—to glorify himself!

A Chaldean priest, the last of that long line
Whose ancestry were chosen and divine,
Upon whose time-worn altars still did lie
A smouldering spark, once kindled in the sky,
Which with strange fire commingling he would burn,
And to the heavens his hands, a suppliant, turn,
Uttering the words his heart full oft forswore,
Reluctantly to heaven his impious burden bore.

A type of all that wicked, godless race,
Who prostitute their genius to efface
Each well-known feature, and each perfect line,
Which prove our parentage to be divine;

Who for the hire of wickedness, will use
Their venal tongues and pens, but to abuse
The pure and good; too oft, with gifts most rare,
Leading the soul from God, in ruin and despair.

The desert passed, with all its toils and pains,
The tribes now pitch their tents upon the plains;
Near by, the Jordan rolls its swelling floods,
Fringed by the tufted grass and towering woods;
Pisgah and Peor lift their forms on high,
And, wedge-like, cleave the calm, cerulean sky,
Around whose base the waves of Arnon sweep,
And in their giant shades its murmuring waters sleep.

In view, the Sea of Sodom rolls its waves,
Where the five cities, ruined, found their graves;
And in the distance rise, sublimely grand,
The mountain turrets of the Promised Land.
Secure the snowy tents are pitched between,
In shade or sun;—most picturesque the scene!
Divine repose on all things seems to lie,—
Upon the weary hosts, the earth, and the calm, azure sky.

When on the lofty heights of Pisgah stand
Balak and Balaam, each with suppliant hand;
Seven altars with their bloody victims reek,
To which in vain for safety now they seek;

With vile enchantments, and with orgies dire,
The mingled offerings burn, with steam and fire,
And the fierce flame 'mid circling smoke ascends,
Until this impious rite in solemn mockery ends.

THE PARABLE.

Then Balaam spoke this parable, and said
(His words were heard with shuddering fear and dread),
"To the mountains of the East, the King of Moab sent,
Where beside the mighty Euphrates I pitch my gorgeous tent,
Saying, 'Come, now curse me Jacob, and Israel defy,
And from my foes to rescue, with eager footsteps fly.'
But how can I a curse pronounce?" the baffled prophet cried,
"Or how defy the chosen ones, whom God has not defied?
I see him, from the rocks I see, whom you would now devour;
But feeble are my words to blight, and feebler is your power!
My heart is willing, but my tongue by some strange hand is driven;
Mysterious oracles it speaks, as if they came from heaven.
Not numbered with the nations, they alone henceforth shall dwell;
The dust of Jacob who shall count? their numbers who shall tell?

I see them, from the hills I see! I see them from afar;
I see them, through the coming years, a bright and guiding star.
But ah! the light which from it gleams, prophetic of my doom,
Consigns me to the shades of night, to wretchedness and gloom!
Could I but share with them the hope of a better day than this,
Or, like the righteous, conquer death,—to me no greater bliss.
But no! the wish is idle now; their lot I cannot share;
A wreck upon the sea I'm cast, to perish in despair."

BALAK.

What hast thou done to add to my distress?
I brought thee here to curse, and not to bless.
Must I not to the word of God give heed,
And truly speak, whate'er may be your need?
Then come, I pray thee, to another place,
Where but a few shall stand before your face;
Perchance the numbers may o'erpower your sense;
Here, come to Pisgah; curse me them from thence.

BALAAM.

Spake again the Chaldean seer:
"Rise up, Balak! hearken—hear!

God is not a man as I,
Who with crafty words will lie;
Nor the son of man, that He
From his will can turnéd be.
Hath he said, and will not do?
Can he show himself untrue?
He hath blessed: who may reverse,
And turn his blessing to a curse?
Covered Israel's sins shall be,
Pardoned their iniquity;.
Jehovah—God is with them still,
Each faithful promise to fulfil.
Hear you not the echoes ring?
'Tis the shouts for Israel's King!
Lo! their banner-cloud on high
Gleams portentous in the sky,
And within the sacred shrine
Oracles are heard, divine.
Words of awful dread I hear
Stealing o'er my wakened ear:
'The Lord is with them; who shall stand,
If He shakes his mighty hand?
He who out of Egypt bore;—
Strong his hand for evermore!'
No enchantment, and no spell,
Can prevail 'gainst Israel."

DEATH OF MOSES.

Now where the Jordan's rapid stream,
  Sweeps through the brake its restless wave,
Where in the light the willows gleam,
  Or gently bow their limbs to lave,
Through thickets dense, 'mid rush and reed,
  And scented vines and lilies bright,
Its sacred waters onward speed,
  In shade now rippling, now in light;
Near to its woody covert stand
The gathered hosts of Israel's band.

Their weary wanderings now are o'er,
  The desert-life with them is past,
And resting safely on its shore,
  They see their promised home at last.
Recounting o'er each dangerous thrall,
  They look for happier, brighter days,
Nor fear, again shall e'er befall
  Those perils which beset their ways.
Joyous, the tribes the hours prolong
In merry shouts and echoing song.

Their banner-cloud is still on high,
  And o'er the heavens its curtains spreads,

To shade them from the burning sky,
A shield and covert to their heads.
No tempests from its depths are sent,
No whirlwinds o'er the deserts sweep,
No angry blast with lightnings blent,
No torrents from the mountains leap,
But calm and quiet is the scene,
And as the heavens above, serene.

The sacred tent is pitched once more;
And round the consecrated fane,
Upon the Jordan's verdant shore,
The happy tribes are seen again.
Forth from their snowy canvass they,
As at some honored festival,
Come now the old, the grave, the gay,
Obedient to their leader's call.
In deep array they round him stand,
A mighty host—a warlike band.

Pleased now, the Promised Land so near,
The desert, all its terrors past;
No arm to dread, no foes to fear,
Their toil and travail o'er at last.
Meekly, their chieftain long had borne
Their taunts and threats, their hate and pride,
Their insolence and bitter scorn,
The malice which his will defied.

Forgotten now are all these woes—
His heart with generous feeling glows.

No murmurs from his lips are heard,
No threatening look, nor menace given;
No scorn to blight, no angry word,
No wrath invoked, from earth or heaven.
But as a father's pitying eye
Looks on the objects of his care,
And for their weakness breathes a sigh,
Or fervent lifts the burdened prayer,
So on the flock around him spread,
He seeks a blessing on each head.

Happy art thou, O Israel!
O people, savéd by the Lord!
Who may thy future glories tell,
Or who thy triumphs shall record!
Saved from thy strong, relentless foes,
Thy chains were broke, their bolts were riven,
When God for thee in might arose,
His thunders shook both earth and heaven,
And to the proud oppressors gave
A watery and unhonored grave.

Fear not, no arm shall do thee wrong!
Be firm, thy foes shall be dismayed!

Thy God is with thee, be thou strong;—
Of whom shall Israel be afraid?
Not one of all His words shall fail,
Which to our fathers he has sworn,
And by his arm thou shalt prevail,
And through the watery depths be borne;
And in the Promised Land shall dwell,—
The land he gave to Israel.

Give ear, O heavens, and I will speak!
Give ear, O earth, the words I bring!
Let all the earth my favor seek,
Let all the heavens my praises sing!
My doctrine as the rain shall fall,
My words shall as the dew distil;
And to the heavens above I'll call,
Their richest blessings to fulfil;
And on the tender grass, in love,
I'll send refreshment from above.

The days of old remember well,
The many generations past;
Thy fathers ask, and they will tell
Those who on me their burden cast!
I found them in a desert land,
Amidst the howling wilderness,
And led them by a powerful hand,
And saved them in their sore distress;

I taught them, raised them up on high,
Dear as the apple of mine eye.

As stirs the eagle up her nest,
And flutters o'er her unfledged young,
And spreads her wings and shakes her crest
The early dew and stars among,
And bears aloft, with anxious cares,
Her precious burden to the sky,
And by her skill and art prepares
To pierce the azure floods on high;
So did Jehovah, in their need,
The chosen tribes of Israel lead.

Their chieftain soon must hence depart,
And leave them near the Promised Land;
His eye undimmed with age,—his heart
Courageous, firm,—and strong his hand.
Aaron, his brother, now had gone,
His priestly robes were laid aside,
And to the silent shades was borne,
As on the mountain-top he died.
And now the message comes again,
But not in terror or in pain.

"Up! get thee to the mountain height!"
Not stern, but gentle the command,

"And from the summit catch one sight
Of Jordan's vale, of Israel's land!"
When from the throngs which round him press,
'Midst tears and sobs and bursting grief,
And now a word to cheer and bless,
And farewells uttered, sad and brief,
With steady step and earnest will,
He hastes the summons to fulfil.

O'er the greensward, by Arnon's wave,
A solitary pilgrim goes,
To seek and find a lonely grave,
A quiet home, a long repose.
No weary wanderer, when the sun
Upon the western forest shines,
No laborer, when his task is done,
More willing on his couch reclines.
Up the steep hill, 'midst light and shade,
His feet an untrod pathway made.

The scene to him looks wondrous fair!
The desert, bathed in mellow light,
Each object, rich beyond compare,
Now flashes on his raptured sight;
And wider still the prospect grows,
And lovelier vistas gleam afar,
As in the distance looming rose
Each sacred mount—which like a star

Empurpled in the light of even
Seemed floating in the azure heaven.

And oft behind, with tearful eyes,
He looks upon the tribes he left,
Who, lingering, gaze with sad surprise,
And mourn their lot—of him bereft.
Each rugged steep, each deep defile,
Each splintered cliff and crag he clears,
And at each point he gains, the while
The vision still more bright appears;
Until, now fading from the sight,
He stands on Pisgah's loftiest height.

Alone upon its brow he stands,
Without a fear, without a sigh;
And, suppliant, lifts to heaven his hands,
With fervent prayer, with kindling eye.
The goodly land is stretching wide,
With hill and vale and fount and stream,
And Jordan, with its swelling tide,
Upon his outward senses gleam.
And faith now lent its mighty spell:
"This is thy land, Immanuel!"

'Tis done,—the vision from him fades,
And all around is dim and pale,

As when at eve the darkening shades
Upon earth's loveliest scenes prevail.
But brighter glows the light above,
And fairer prospects now are given,
And all is peace and all is love,
Descending from the opening heaven.
And now he breathed his soul away,
In regions of eternal day.

And soon, through Jordan's parted wave,
The anxious tribes by Joshua led,
Its cavern depths they fearless brave,
The waters from its channels fled;
The priests the ark of God now bear,
And Israel through its paths are seen,
Without a fear, without a care,
Threading the crystal walls between;
And now they reach the Promised Land,
And on its sacred precincts stand.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

GARNERED THOUGHTS.

I, WHO have measured many a summer's sun,
And seen my early friends fall, one by one;
I, who have felt how much the heart can bear,
And of earth's pleasures had my equal share,
Here on the beach, in search of precious lore,
Amidst the wealth profuse of memory's store,
Would gather hence, communing with the past,
Thoughts which like shells from out the ocean cast;—

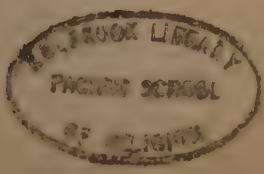
Of little worth, while scattered o'er the sands,
But valued much when culled by careful hands.
So, here I spread before the thoughtful eye,
Whate'er I've found of value 'neath the sky,
To add my store of garnered wealth to all
Which other hands have placed, however small.
Thus doubly blessed, whilst here on earth I live,
"Blessed in receiving, but more blessed to give."

And if my thoughts should take a "soberer hue"
Than what my youthful friends would wish to view;
Or if a gleam of sunshine, bright as day,
Should through the lattice on the aged play—
He lives the longest who looks back the most,
And in the vision lets no line be lost;
But full of thought and action to the last,
He crowds the volume of the mighty past.

SONNET.

INSPIRATION.

I FEEL that there has come to me a power,
Which haunts me like a presence every hour,—
A world of inner beauty and of thought,
With glimpses of a far-off haven caught,
Which stirs my spirit to its depths profound,
Like the rich music which the harp-strings sound.
I look on nature with an open eye;
With earth I converse, and the azure sky.
The woods, the streams, the hills, the valleys, bear
Thoughts only to be felt, or breathed in prayer.
A hidden fountain, opened to the sun,
Is now unlocked, and will for ever run;
And not one thing, however small, to me,
But has a charm which once I could not see.



SONNET.

THE RENEWAL.

I WOULD be calm, nor feel the bitter strife
Of this strange mystery, our mortal life.
Too much I've felt—more than 'tis well to feel—
The hidden grief too oft my sighs reveal;
I've lived too much alone; I feel it now
In the blanched spirit and the furrowed brow.
But I will look abroad, and gather hence
Joy to my heart, from this my wakened sense;
New life shall send its currents through each vein,
And I shall feel myself renewed again.
And may I consecrate to Thee that power
Which is thy gift, O God! my present dower;
And for my task my heart and tongue prepare,
I daily seek in earnest, fervent prayer.

MEMORY AND HOPE.

I HAVE a song to sing, and I will sing it;
And from my bygone years I choose to bring it;—
A song of the olden time,
When I was in my prime;
When the hours were swiftly flying,
And I never thought of sighing—
For the bliss they were bestowing—
That they too soon were going.

My life was then a pleasure,
Of fulness without measure;
Of all that passed me by,
Nought could wake a tear or sigh
In the many secret cells of infant memory.
No leaden hours were treading,
With slow and heavy pace,
Or on my bosom shedding,
As from a poisoned vase,
The thickened drops, which burning,
On what they chance to fall,

While the blighted hopes were turning
To a dark funereal pall.

Joy then was ever beaming,
Like a crystal fountain streaming,
O'erflowing, deep and clear,
And always near;
That I never thought that sorrow
Would come upon the morrow,
Nor did I ever dream
That things were not what they do seem.

But this mysterious being
From which we now are fleeing,
This intertangled thread
Which o'er our path is spread,
Though Age will cry, "Beware!"
Lest it catch us in its snare,
And the Parcæ, ever weaving
Their web to our deceiving,
Still lead from what we fly,
And bring for ever nigh
The dark, foreshadowing years,
The ghosts of all our fears;—
To haunt us,
To flaunt us,

To make us rue
What we pursue;
Now wooing
To our undoing,
And now with mace forewarning,
On some favored bright May morning,
That the clouds, ere it is even,
By angry tempests driven,
Will darken all our sky
As they pass so swiftly by;
And the day will set in sadness,
Which began in joy and gladness;
And the hopes which in our prime
Like merry bells did chime,
At night a sound will borrow
From the floods of coming sorrow,
And will toll a heavy note,
Which on the air will float,
Waking by its numbers
Even silence from its slumbers,
Startling echoes from the mountains,
From the glens, whose hidden fountains,
Send a music, ever ringing
With their glad voice, sweetly singing—
Singing ever, to the free,
Lays of varied melody.

But I will not mourn that youth,
Full of hope and full of truth,
With its hours, has passed away
To the evening of my day.
The early bloom of flowers,
With the sweet refreshing showers,
Have sent their fragrance even
To the calm and quiet heaven,
Which now sits before my eye,
In its deep tranquillity;
And the trooping clouds of noon,—
Even these have brought a boon,
In the shadows they are sending,
With the light so richly blending;
In the golden hues now beaming,
In the ocean floods now streaming
Upon the mountain tops, and o'er the flowery lea,
And on the towering woods, and o'er the glassy sea,
Shedding on all its amber radiance,
While in a mystic dance
The leaves of autumn sink
Upon that river's brink
On which I stand;
In sight of that fair land,
Where all the hopes I cherished,
Instinct with life, shall be imbued,
And in immortal loveliness shall be again renewed.

THE REAL IN THE IDEAL.

We see not here the real forms
  Of beauty and of truth;
But such imaginings as rise
  Before the eyes of youth.

Yet think not that their radiance
  Is but a wizard dream;
And that these visions of the soul
  Are not what they do seem.

These shadows of our earthly state
  Come to us from afar,
Like those which fall upon our path
  From some bright, lustrous star.

They tell us of a higher sphere,
  Beyond our mortal lot,—
A world of loveliness and light,
  Where this shall be forgot.

The joy, the hope, the truth, the love,
And visions drawn from thence,
Are not creations of the mind,
Or vagaries of sense;—

But vistas opening to the eye—
Gleams of prophetic light;—
The images of heavenly things
That flash upon the sight.

MUSIC.

Each present movement of the witching lyre
Renews the echo of some distant past,
Waking the embers of a slumbering fire
Whose unextinguished life will ever last.

Is it the soul's deep harmonies which lie
Cinctured within, and waiting to be born?
Or do they come beyond us, from the sky,
A floating leaf, from heavenly chorals torn?

Or, as the shell, from out the ocean's cave,
Within its convolutions still retains
The lingering murmurs of the beetling wave,
And to the ear breathes forth its hidden strains?

Or, do the sounds of this our lonely sphere,
Still float undying on the circling air,
And to the wakeful heart and listening ear,
Their varied numbers to our spirits bear?

The soul which from the infinite descends,
Comes freighted with the harmonies of love,
And with our inmost nature sweetly blends,
The far-off music of our home above!

Deep is the mystery of our mortal life,
As through enchanted fields we pass along;
Its alternations, both of peace and strife,
Its dreams, half real, which our spirits throng.

The strong emotions which our souls now feel,
The gorgeous visions which before us start,
What are they but the couriers, that reveal
A higher world of beauty to the heart!

BEDFORD PRISON.

[Bedford Prison is the place in which Bunyan was incarcerated for denying that kings had a divine right to do wrong. And also the place where John Howard, the philanthropist, began his pilgrimage of mercy to the prison world.]

And there thou standest, with thy time-worn walls!
A dark and gloomy, frowning-looking pile;
Within whose narrow cells and death-damp halls,
No wandering sunbeam e'er was known to smile.

Ah! couldst thou tell the secrets of thy place,
From out thy walls the very stones would cry;
And every answering beam, with words apace,
Would speak thy buried guilt and misery.

And yet thy halls were glorified by one,
Of mortal race the purest and the best;
And by his presence, to thyself hast won
A name more proud than palace e'er possessed.

For twelve long years the prince of dreamers lay,
A captive, 'midst the basest of our kind;

Shut from the cheerful precincts of the day;
But who in fetters can the spirit bind?

And what the crime which forged his heavy chain,
And bound him in his dark and dreary cell?
That he must expiate, with years of pain,
In dungeons vile, within this earthly hell?

The right divine of kings to oppress and wrong,
He sternly questioned with a prophet's ire,
And nobly dared to rebuke the proud and strong,
In words which reached the throne, and scathed like fire.

And here was wrought that many-sided book,
Faithful to nature and religion too!
Which finds a home in each sequestered nook,
And young and old believe its marvels true.

Greatest of dreamers! who in words can tell
The inward stirrings of thy godlike mind,
When troops of spirits came with thee to dwell—
To others, viewless as the passing wind!

Spectral, they moved before thee with a line
As finely chiselled as the living face.
Thine eye more clearly did their forms define,
Than the bald sharers of thy long disgrace.

The dreams of others, to thy mind were true,
As the strong witness which the sense doth bear.
And to thine eye, imagination drew
Each mirrored form of those, both foul and fair.

Of Shakspeare, Bacon, Burke, no inner life
Is seen or known, such as in thee we view;
But in thy Pilgrim we may see the strife,
And the strange medley which thy thoughts pursue.

Thou hadst thy burden; each of us has one;—
He is the bravest who can bear it best.
Thy toil on earth, O Pilgrim! now is done,
And thou hast found thy long, thy anxious rest.

O'er the rough path, along the mazy way,
Through many a bog and slough, o'er hill and dale,
Thou didst pursue thy long and chequered day,
'Till death received thee in its peaceful vale.

One book alone was all that thou didst own;
And from its hallowed fount thou didst inspire,
Till all thy thoughts and words had caught the tone,
Which only breathes from heaven's immortal lyre.

Within these walls where Bunyan wrote and sung,
Here Howard first began his work of love;

The sainted Pilgrim on his pathway hung,
A beckoning spirit from the realms above.

As if to avenge the wrongs which he had known,
Whilst a lone captive in a felon's cell,
He left the realms of glory and a throne,
Again a Pilgrim on the earth to dwell.

And by that inward sympathy which binds
All pure and earnest spirits into one,
When each his own as if by instinct finds,
As the keen arrows of the distant sun,—

So the unburdened Pilgrim, waiting long
To find a generous spirit like his own,
Searching with anxious heart our race among,
On Howard now at length his eye was thrown.

And with the great Philanthropist to tread
Those lonely paths none ever trod before,
And by the light of truth divine, to shed
Some rays of hope from heaven's exhaustless store.

Through debtors' wards and felons' cells to haste,
And noisome dens where prisoners rot and die,
Where the heart sickens at the horrid waste
Of human life, its guilt and misery.

To sound the depths of poignant grief and woe,
To visit the forsaken and forlorn,
And home and friends and fortune to forego
For those oppressed with guilt—of comfort shorn.

Gathering dark facts, that he might bring to light
The works of hidden outrage and of wrong;
And to the astonished eyes reveal the sight
Of bold gigantic vice, unknown so long!

Thus Howard went through lazarettoes dire,
Through dungeons deep, and every horrid fen,
The captives lonely bosom to inspire,
And cheer with hope his dark and loathsome den.

Led on by Christian charity, he went
The prison-world to visit and explore;
Until to Heaven its wail of grief was sent,
Loud as the thunder's peal—the ocean's roar.

And men were startled with the horrid sound,
Until each Newgate, Marshalsea, and Fleet,
And every den and hole the world around,
Confessed their deeds and fell at mercy's seat.

THE TENT.

As weary travellers in a tent, cheerless and sad, we groan!
We've left our kindred and our friends, and tarry here alone.
The night is dark, and solitude has spread its raven wing,
And earth with all its charms to us is but a worthless thing.

And we are hastening to a place delectable, for rest,
And soon we hope to lay us down and calm our weary bréast;
With earnest heart, with strong desire, we look for happier days,
When we shall spend a glorious life, in more than mortal praise.

We now are like the panting hart pursued by eager foe,
And every moment as it flies we look to be brought low;
When morning lifts its curtain up and shows a cheerful sky,
In deep suspense our souls are held, for we "do daily die."

Weary and faint, we yet pursue,—our prize is still before,—
Though many a stormy night may come, and many a tempest roar.
A habitation in the skies, to faithful men is given,—
A house not made with mortal hands, reserved for us in heaven.

THE LAMENT.

Oh Christ! thou hast a tender heart, to feel
For those, upon whose pale and withered brow
The ploughshare deep has driven its shining steel,
And mourn their follies, as I mourn them now.
On thee I cast my burden, hard to bear,
As, sinking 'neath my load, thou standest near;
Thou hast a hand to lighten every care,
A blessing for each pang, a smile for every tear.

When clouds do thicken on our weary way,
And the black storm is muttering in the sky,
Thy presence is the sun that gilds the day,
And at thy word the gathering shadows fly.
Let not thy heart despond—hope yet will throw
The arch of promise o'er thy fainting heart;
And in its brilliant hues thy sky will glow
Like the calm summer's eve, when clouds and storms depart.

AEROLITES.

Say, ye bright visitants, whence do ye come,
Where is your dwelling-place, whither your home?
Why have you left your far-distant sphere,
In the light of your presence to visit us here?

Why do you come in the still dewy night,
All radiant and joyous, all brilliant and bright,
As a thing full of life, leaping forth in its glee,
Making all things to dance in your wild revelry?

So swiftly ye come, and so soon pass away,
Not a moment ye pause, not a moment ye stay;
We catch but a glimpse of your face in the sky,
In your pathway of splendor—then vanish and die.

O say, have ye come from the regions of bliss,
From the far spirit-land on a visit to this?
Ah, could you but speak, and tell what you've seen,
And what you have heard, and where ye have been!—

How gladly we mortals would hear what ye say;
All night we would listen, nor wish for the day,
Nor think the night long, if ye told us on high,
Of those mansions of bliss, which are built in the sky.

Sometimes, as ye glance through the sky, it appears
As if heaven were shedding its fiery tears;
Then again, ye seem messengers sent from above,
To invite us to regions of glory and love.

Or is it, as many of old sung and said,
The Parcæ have woven their bright subtle thread,
And at birth of each infant, have carried it far,
And fastened it on to some gay twinkling star?

And when death calls the cherub away to its God,
Ye fall into night from your own blest abode;
Ah, no! to your care the thread is not given,
That binds us poor mortals to earth or to heaven.

Or are ye a fragment dashed off from some sphere,
An exile from home, a wanderer here—
An uncared-for thing, a broken debris,
From your country in haste, like a vagrant, to flee?

Do ye come from the moon, as she rides in the sky,
From Sirius or Venus, careering on high?

Or are ye red bolts shot out from the sun,
Or beams lost in space, that so wildly ye run?

Are ye vapor, or fire-dust, or snuff from the stars,
Or carbon or oxygen sent us from Mars?
Or baby-like planets sent forth on your race,
But by chance have been jostled, and thrown out of place?

But whatever ye are, or from whence is your birth,
A welcome we give you to our distant earth;
Ye bring tidings afar on your pathway of fire,
From those worlds which in darkness shall never expire.

NOTES OF SORROW.

Oh that some spirit now would lend
  Its joyous notes from yon bright sphere,
And on its airy pinions bend,
  To bless a child of sorrow here.

Familiar with the chords of grief,
  My harp no other tones will breathe;
Its trembling strings still seek relief
  In strains the hands of sorrow wreathe.

Whate'er the sounds my fingers move
  Re-echoes back so wild with woe,
That when I even speak of love,
  In numbers sad its wavelets flow.

Will not some hour of gladness greet
  And free my heart surcharged with care,
And throw around its fragrance sweet,
  In answer to my humble prayer?

Or if low-breathed the notes shall come,
And balmy as the breath of Spring,
With borrowed bliss from that far home,
And power its depths of joy to sing,

I then would catch its minstrelsy,
And try its meaning to rehearse;
And ere its heavenly visions flee,
I'd weave them in my humble verse.

Perhaps 'twould tell of memories past,
'Mid haunts of brook and flowery dell,
When every moment like the past
With wingéd joys around me fell;

When, full of life, and hope, and bliss,
And thoughts as free as mountain air,
I dreamed the future then, as this,
Would come as bright and free from care.

SUFFERING.

Dread Teacher! may I meekly learn of thee
Humbly to bow the knee;
In patience and in hope to listen to thy voice,
And inwardly rejoice
That I have One to teach who knows
From whence my sorrow flows.

Gay dreams of earthly Paradise in youth,
Mere shadows of the truth,
In quick succession passed before my eye,
As meteors fly,
And mocked me with their light,
So brilliant and so bright!

There is an awful power within the soul,
Beyond the world's control;—
A voice which speaks of duty and of right,—
No arm can blight;
A higher good than mere enjoyment here
Within this narrow sphere.

True, suffering comes in every stage of life,
In pain, and toil, and strife;
Its wail is heard in childhood, youth, and age,
And writ on every page:
On every countenance its trace is seen;—
In some, both deep and keen.

From the fierce flame, encircling as a shroud;
Or in the thunder-cloud;
Or on the ocean—where the dying groan
Mingles its solemn moan
With the loud roar of storm and bounding wave,
And watery, silent grave.

But mightier than the elements which blast,
Or with their shadows cast
Their deepening gloom upon our sombre path,
In all their wrath,
Is the celestial flame within that burns,
And outward suffering spurns.

Stern messenger, thy mission well fulfil!
And may my stubborn will
Meekly submit, till every power is bent
To reap thy good intent;
And thus, disarmed of all thy power, I fly
Where pleasures never die.

BE THYSELF.

Hide not thy thoughts, O man! whoe'er thou art,
But speak them freely from an honest heart;
Deem them not simple, commonplace, unwise,
Because revealed, they stand before thy eyes.

Despise them not, for they are all thy own;
To vulgar minds unseen, unfelt, unknown,
They'll find an echo in some spirit now,
From men of thoughtful mind, who feel as thou.

What if they seem familiar, as a star
In the deep blue, and shining from afar!
Yet know, that shadows often lie between
The eye and objects which are daily seen.

Seeing we see not things which round us lie,
In the green earth, our home, and azure sky,
His is the keenest, most discerning mind,
Who to familiar objects is not blind.

To the great prophets of the ancient line,
Familiar forms before them ever shine.
The heath-clad desert, and the barren field,
Their hidden wisdom and instruction yield.

The cloud, the rain, the lily and the dew,
With thoughts too deep for words their minds imbue;
Old forms and faces o'er-inform their tongue,
With strains immortal which their lyre has sung.

Rely not on the past, lest memory tease
With cavils which thy art cannot appease.
And if thy soul is wiser now to-day
Than 'twas last eve,—the truth will last for aye.

Let the past verdict of thy spirit bring
Its tribute to thy present offering;
And ever live anew, and scorn to fear
The contradictions which the past may rear.

To be consistent with the truth, to thee
Is the sure pledge of immortality.
Change may displease the asinine and weak:
Fools never change; not so the wise and meek.

SHELLEY.

I saw him standing on the beach; no traces
Of recent footsteps could be seen.
"I love," said he, "all waste and solitary places.
"And this to me hath ever been
I like not human faces!
Old Time hath laid on them his frosty hand,
And habit soiled them, as a blackened brand;
The image of their origin divine
Faintly and dimly on their persons shine.
Therefore I like them not;
I care not if by all I hence may be forgot!

"To me the sea
Looks like Infinity!
I stand upon its barren shore,
And hear its solemn moan and breakers evermore.
This suits me well;
Its deep and awful swell
Seems like the breath of an eternal being,
Now coming nigh, and then for ever fleeing.

Its waters mingle with the sky, and run
Together, as if they "twain were one;"
And both so long have looked at one another,
They seem like twins,—a sister and a brother;
Looking so fondly and so lovingly,
They've grown alike by force of sympathy.

"I roam through forests deep,
Or climb the mountain steep,
From which the torrents leap;
Whereon no foot hath trod,
Soiling the virgin sod:
For here I hold communion with myself and God;—
In the dark forests, where the elm and oak
And the tall cedars tempt the lightning's stroke,—
Where vines are intertangled, and the flowers,
Myriad and many-colored, form their shady bowers,—
And nought is heard to break the silence, save
The deep moan from out the mountain cave,
The hum of some lone bee,
Which to its home doth flee,
Or sound of whippoorwill,
Flitting at eve beside the woodland rill,
Or the wild music of the fitful wind,
Unfettered, unconfined.

"From beds of violets I love to shake
The dewdrops, ere the sunbeams break;

Or where the flaming crocus lifts its head,
Or mosses make their downy bed,
Through which the snake, so icy cold,
Now passes to his covert-wold;
Or where the spear-leaved asphodel,
Which o'er the dead is planted, to dispel
The hunger of the grave;
Or where the lotus and the lilies wave,
Blending their shadows with the lonely streams,
Which now are hid in shade, now in the sunlight gleams;
Or where the splintered crags cleave the cold sky,
Lifting their forms on high,—
Crownéd with gems by night,
Or bathed in morning light,—
Adown whose awful chasms pass
Rivers of frozen glass,
Which, loosened by the warmer air,
Send forth their streams, surpassing fair,
Or ploughing through their stony tracks
A pathway for the cataracts."

The woody copse and scented thorn,
And the deep pool with eddies borne,
And haggard rocks, and lonely streams,
The brow of night, or morning beams,
He read and studied with delight,
For they were ever in his sight;

Among the fields, in woodlands gray,
Whose shadows lengthening closed the day;
'Mid lanes embowered, where hedgerows bloom,
Or 'mid the brakes, or 'mid the broom,
Where birds the dewdrops or the flowers
Shake by their wings from sunny bowers;
Or in the "pale and purple even,"
When not a cloud is seen in heaven,
And earth and air tumultuous hear
The skylark, clarion-like and clear;
He listens to its parting strain,—
With much of joy, and more of pain,—
And envies that "harmonious madness,"
And asks but half "the joy and gladness"
Which the "blithe spirit" now partakes,
That earth might hear, while he awakes
A lay of rapture from his pen
Like that to which he listens then.

And where no mortal footsteps e'er were known,—
Where untamed spirits hold their throne
O'er earth and sea, beyond the light of stars,
Sailing unbidden in aerial cars:—
Here was he often found,
Beyond the bound
Of matter; in the limitless profound.

'Twas there he caught the music of that voice
So weird-like and so strange. We inwardly rejoice
To listen to its harmonies, though we fear
It is not safe to trust our charméd ear;
It comes, alas! from "waste and solitary places,"
Where TRUTH but seldom leaves distinctly clear HER
traces.

"GOOD NIGHT, MAMMA."

A child recently died, having taken by mistake some poisonous drug, and as she gently fell asleep in death, she exclaimed in fainter and yet fainter tones, "Good night, mamma; good night, good night!"

"Good night, mamma! I'm weary of the day;
And yet how pleasant in the fields to play,
In the cool eve; or watch the lingering beam
Of the sun's light, which o'er the waters gleam.

"How beautiful that cloud, all tipt with gold;
But press me to your heart, I'm chill and cold.
I feel so weak and weary, I would sleep
While angels o'er my bed their vigils keep.

"How soon the night comes, mother, and the star
That decks her brow is shining from afar;
And see the fire-flies how they dance along,
And hear how sweet, how rich that warbler's song.

"The moon is up, how beautiful her light
Breaks on the rippling wave so pure and bright;

But I would sleep; now lay me down to rest,
For all is calm and quiet in my breast.

"Good night, good night! I've prayed for all; good night!"
She spoke; and the fond spirit took its airy flight;
And weeping hearts bent o'er the lifeless clod,
And angels bore the cherub to its God.

THE YOUNG MOURNERS.

A hearse was seen moving along the streets of the city, followed by two children, a boy and girl. One appeared to be about ten years of age, the other five, the only mourners accompanying the dead.

Why hand-in-hand, young mourners, do you tread,
Through crowded streets, the long and weary way?
Why, lone ones, to the city of the dead
Bear these sad relics, where the sleepers lay?

Such tiny feet were made to roam the hills,
Where the fresh wild-flowers shed their early bloom;
Or through the sunny glades, or rippling rills,
Where shadows come not with their deepening gloom.

Why do the tears stand trembling on thy cheek,
All pale and wan? and why so thoughtful thou?
Thine is the grief that may not, cannot speak;
Too soon, alas! is care upon thy brow.

Thine is the season when the young heart leaps
With the wild songs of joy, and mirth, and glee;

When the warm current through each channel sweeps,
Bounding with bliss, and life, and harmony.

And yet, sweet innocents, thy treasure bear—
Yon precious jewel—to its mother earth;
Angels will watch the dust that slumbers there,
To await the morn when Heaven shall give it birth.

And thou art not unknown! Blest spirits wait
To guide thee gently through this vale of tears;
They will not leave thee, orphans, to thy fate,
But cheer with hope, and chase away thy fears.

"WILLIE AND I."

LINES ADDRESSED TO AN ORPHAN BROTHER AND SISTER, WHO WERE SINGULARLY ATTACHED TO EACH OTHER.

"WILLIE and I," O, we love one another!
We are two, only two, a sister, a brother.
We are one in affection, in spirit, in feeling,
No day, but our love some fresh fruit is revealing.

"Willie and I," nought our true hearts can sever,
We have loved through the past, we will love on for ever.
The ties which now bind us so firmly together,
Will only be strengthened by wind and by weather.

"Willie and I," we have seen days of sorrow;
But we've hoped 'midst the gloom, 'twould be brighter to-morrow.
And we've leaned on each other when our hearts were most aching,
And the tears we have mingled have kept them from breaking.

"Willie and I," in our youth we have given
Our warm trusting hearts to the Saviour in heaven.
And the love which we bear to each other is blending
Its beams with the light which our Father is sending.

"Willie and I," while on earth we are staying,
We will seek for each other a blessing, while praying.
We will strive every day to be humble and lowly,
With our hearts free from sin, and our lives pure and holy.

THE SKY.

WHAT is man? we humbly cry,
As we look upon the sky,
With its diamond-glittering dome,
Arch of man's eternal home.
To your starry orbs we turn,
Where a thousand torches burn,
Trembling in the azure blue,
Brilliants bright, of every hue.
To the wakeful, sorrowing band,
Speaking of the better land;
Sending messages of love
From their burning thrones above.
Old familiar faces, *thou*,
Ever calm and bright as now;
In thy sweet and sunny smile
We our anxious cares beguile.
To behold thy glories shine,
Shepherds on their hills recline;
And childhood, in its wildest glee,
Lifts its tiny hands to thee;

And the prophet-bard inspired
By thy kindling warmth is fired.
Silent, in thy depths profound,
Circling all above, around;
Lifting high their wondrous forms,
Far beyond the reach of storms;
Shining on, and shining ever,
Changing, fading, *thou* wilt never;
Telling us of worlds of light,
Far beyond our mortal sight;
Pointing to the brilliant road
Which the blessed Redeemer trod,
When he left our sinful sphere,
In thy palace to appear.
Lights which sparkle on the way
Leading to eternal day;
Windows of that glorious fane
Where the happy spirits reign;
Brilliants, blazing on the breast
Of the Saviour's gorgeous vest,
Where, in oracles divine,
Light and beauty ever shine;
Nightly preaching, still and clear,
To the observant, listening ear;
Breathing lessons deep and low,
In their bright, unfathomed glow.

Springs of sweet, inspiring thought
From thy holy founts are brought;
Isles of beauty, clustering, shine
In thy liquid depths divine,
Teaching, by their majesty,
How diminutive are we!
As within our narrow dell
Tenants of the dust, we dwell,
Chained and prisoned to the earth,
Which has given our humble birth.
But the eye which sees thy light
Shines with glories not less bright
Than thy brilliant orbs now shed
On our lowly, humble head;
And the mind which soars afar
To each twinkling, trembling star,
Less capacious cannot be
Than thy own immensity.
And, when raised above this sphere,
Hence with seraphs to appear,
Orbs of glory *we* shall shine,
Spotless, stainless, pure, divine;
Far above thy might we'll spring,
Boundless on our tireless wing,
To those realms of light—our own—
Near the crystal, burning throne.

Then our pavement thou shalt be,
In a blest eternity;
In that city seen of old,
Flashing emerald and gold;
Where, with mighty seraphim,
Martyred hosts, and cherubim,
Louder than the thunder's roar,
Choral anthems we shall pour
To Creation's Lord and King,
For that princely offering,
Which hath opened up the way
To the realms of endless day.

SPRING.

The peach was in its blossom, the rose-tree in its bloom,
The daisy peeped from out the sod, the grass from out its tomb,
And the forest clad in russet, now shone in modest green,
The oak, the maple, and the ash, assumed their verdant sheen.

The weeping willow waving fair its fingers to the breeze
Unfolds its early swelling buds, among the hedge-row trees;
The green of summers past appears, upon its branches high,
And gemmed with early dews they bend and wave most gracefully.

The flowering apple near the door its coral budding shows,
And infant leaflets now appear upon the summer rose;
The woodbine o'er the trellis hangs, with many a glowing gem,
And the lilac, catching vernal airs, is bursting from the stem.

Within the garden plot the flag and cosy box is seen,
The hyacinth and jonquils, too, the broken clods between;
Verbenas spread their tiny hands, and slumber on the earth,
And grateful press her bosom bare, which nursed their humble birth.

The tuberose of richest scent, and jessamine so fair,
And parasites of varied hue, drink in the moistened air;
And tulips tall, in chosen spots, each lift a queenly head,
And o'er the warm earth wild flowers, too, their little tendrils spread.

And water-lilies gently lie upon the trembling wave,
And sad anemones arise from out their wintry grave;
And chaste mimosas, half afraid of gathering clouds and storm,
Peep from the opening clods and veil their gay but modest form.

The amaryllis, fair and chaste, which shuns the wanton gale,
And seeks her beauties to disclose, within the lowly vale;
Unlike the proud silené, whose fell antennæ spreads
To catch the children of the air, which near her chamber treads.

And lichens climb the lofty rocks, and drink the dewy sky,
And o'er their naked forms they spread their richest tapestry;
Fond of the solitude and shade, they clothe the flinty stone
With garments rich and beautiful, made by their hands alone.

The warm south wind that dallies now among the infant flowers,
The silent dew that gently falls, and the light and coming showers,
Will send a quickening joy along these children of the earth,
And grateful, they will bless the hand that gave to them their birth.

To heaven a smiling look they'll send for its moisture and its light,
And on the earth for its rich gifts will look with eyes so bright;
And to the air a dower will bring, which folded them in love,
Odors, rich odors, as if breathed from Paradise above.

SUMMER.

It was a sweet and sunny morn,
A long, long time ago;
When the dew was on the early corn,
And the daisy in its blow.

The violet bloomed beneath the grass,
And the strawberry blossomed so white;
And the cloud now and then o'er the sun did pass,
And all again it was bright.

Oh! how I love the light of the sun,
As it dances o'er meadow and spray;
Like a fiery steed, its race to run,
Throughout the live-long day.

On the slope of the hills, and on the glade,
And over the flowery lea;
And as it breaks on the forest shade,
On the stream, and the boundless sea.

To me no prettier sight is seen
  Than the glow of the waving light,
As it flashes across the meadows green,
  Making all things look so bright.

Oh, many a beautiful thing is here,
  If we had but eyes to see!
And to the listening, wakeful ear,
  How rich is earth's melody!

We haste through the world, so passing fair,
  As if we had no eyes,
Whilst beauty is slumbering everywhere,
  In the earth, and the seas, and the skies.

AUTUMN.

Blest season, thou art here again to fill
Our hearts with gladness, from thy bounteous store;
A deeper murmur comes now from the rill,
And from the cataract, a louder roar.

The flowers have died, save here and there are seen
A transient bloom, but without sweetness born;
There lingers yet the pride of summer-green,
Beside the streams, now of their lilies shorn.

The eddying winds, which through the forests sweep,
Scatter the yellow leaves upon the ground;
And lichens slowly on the rocks still creep,
Though perished from the beechen tree and mound.

The glossy fruit is seen on bush and brake,
And the red berries on the haw-tree gleam,
And the tall forests with the tempests shake
Their fruit and foliage near the murmuring stream.

Season of sadness and of grief thou art,
To those who weep their early flow'rets dead;—
Look up, thou mourner!—hence let us depart!
These brief memorials fill our hearts with dread.

Yet once again, as Eden's earliest bloom,
The flowers their richest glories shall display,
And from the ashes of the silent tomb
Shall grow and flourish in immortal day.

SCENE AT MILLS POINT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

It is a broad sheet of waters; and the woods
Lying in the distance, seem to grow out
The very margin of the stream, and stretch along
Till lost behind an island, whose sharp point,
Like a wedge, pierces the wave; a few trees,
Of size unequal and of aspect different,
Stand upon this point; near by, a boat
Rests upon the waters: and a huge pile
Of wood upon the bank, makes cheerful contrast
With the dark forest and the leafy trees,—
Telling us that in these wilds a human hand
Hath been, and industry hath plied her task.
Three humble cottages are seen, part shaded
By the trees; one of them seems painted white,
And as I pass my eyes yet farther down,
A grove of willows overlooks the wave
With their brown trunks and light green foliage.
Their heads seem all of even growth, and stand
Like a well-ordered regiment in file.
Behind this grove the ancient forest bears

Its honors to the sky, lofty and grave;—
Which, when the tempest's wing sweeps o'er them,
Bow reverently, and lean upon each other.
'Tis well, then, that the younger saplings find
A shield and bulwark in these older trunks.
And now the heavens look dark with clouds;
The rain descends upon the eddying stream
Dappling the surface o'er with its big drops,
And now it pours heavily upon the crested wave,
Laughing in sport; the distant air is white
With the dense vapor; and the far-off woods
Are hidden from my sight; upon the light roof
Of the capacious steamer pattering it falls,
Making strange music to the listening ear,
Which ever since my boyish days was sweet.

TO THE PELICAN OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

In the stillness of evening, we see thee afar,
As if led by the light of some bright shining star;
Where the dark swollen waves of the eddying deep,
Bear a forest commingled, along their dread sweep.

The rush of the torrent disturbs not thy rest;
Thy home is its billows, thy couch is their crest;
'Midst the deep sombre shade of the cotton-wood groves,
May be witnessed thy revels, thy joys, and thy loves.

On the "Father of Waters" we see thee now glide,
So stately, so queenly, so strong in thy pride;
All white as the snow, on the Alpine rocks high,
And swift as an arrow, ye pass silently by.

In the shade of the willows, that droop o'er the wave,
Your broad tufted bosoms so gently ye lave;
Not a word do ye utter, that falls on the ear,
As onward, right onward, in order ye steer.

In a row, three or four—but a small company,
A snug, social band—an elect family,
Thus ye move altogether, as straight as a line,
And behind now in furrows, the rippling waves shine.

Lonely birds! on the dark troubled waters, thy home,
To cheer our sad hearts, far away have ye come!
O, ye speak to us now of that bright little band
We have left far away, in our own native land.

Father, mother, and brother, and sister ye are—
In the wide waste of waters, we find ye afar.
Ye are happy, though lonely to us you now seem,
For nature has favored your hearts with a gleam—

Of sunshine, as joyous and free from all care,
As falls to the lot of earth's happiest pair;
Not to you is denied what to all has been given,
Food and shelter, and rest, and the pure light of heaven.

Glide on, with your shadows, now seen in the deep;
With yourselves and your shadows, sweet fellowship keep.
To us ye seem single, but to you there appears,
Each, a mate, 'neath the wave, which his solitude cheers.

PATERNAL CARE.

The sea-bird from its downy breast,
Led by affection for her young,
Softens their bed and warms their nest,
The rocks and haggard cliffs among

The Robin seeks the glossy leaves,
Or with the moss, so soft and even,
Her cosy little chamber weaves,
Suspended in the light of heaven.

The Plover and the Eagle bold,
More careless, build their nests on high,
And in their warmer bosoms fold
Their nurslings from the stormy sky.

Led by a noble instinct, they
Upon a hand unseen, depend;
And in their dread extremity,
Still find a kind and constant friend.

And God, who formed us for above,
And watches with a father's care,
Will fondly nourish us in love,
And for our future home prepare.

JONAH.

"What meanest thou! O sleeper?"
Upon the roaring sea!
With slumbers firmer, deeper,
In our dread extremity.
The rocking of the vessel, and the breaking of the wave,
Seem to lull thy soul to slumber, like the slumber of the grave.

"What meanest thou! O sleeper?"
Call on thy God—arise!
He is thy Lord and keeper;
Unseal thy leaden eyes.
The tempest howls more fiercely, and deeper is the gloom;
Awake! awake! thou sleeper, ere the ocean is our tomb.

"What meanest thou! O sleeper?"
Behold the angry storm!
For death, the mighty reaper,
Reveals his awful form.
We see him in the whirlwind—we hear him in its roar;
Awake! awake, thou dreamer! or sleep for ever more.

"What meanest thou! O sleeper?"
Has grief thy spirit chained?
Art thou a worn-out weeper,
Unconscious and unpained?
Grown desperate in sorrow?—awake! thy doom is nigh;
See, the ocean yawns beneath us, and the lightnings fiercer fly.

"What meanest thou! O sleeper?"
Whilst the ship is on the deep,
What power on earth can keep her,
If *you* in silence sleep?
If so be *thy* God will hear us, then loud upon him call!
For no arm but His can save us from our danger and our thrall.

He slept—the *ocean* slept not;
He heeded not its roar;
The sailors wept—he wept not;
The rigging rent and tore.
Like the dead among the living, lo! the prophet sleeps, how sweet!
Is it well to sleep, deserter—is it proper, is it meet?

He was sent to wake the sleeping;
He was sent to raise the dead;

When a darker cloud was deepening
Than was that around his head.
He was sent to wake a city to its danger and its doom;
To arrest the coming tempest, and dissipate its gloom.

"Yet *forty days*," a torrent,
Shall sweep the desperate race,
To God and heaven abhorrent—
To nature a disgrace.
The mission to him given, but he heeded not the word;
He fled—the coward prophet!—a vagrant from his Lord.

What waking dream had crossed him,
We may not, cannot tell:
What doubts, what fears had tossed him,
And held him by their spell.
What shook his heart with terror—perhaps the first, the last,
That with coward haste he fleeth, so fiercely and so fast.

Perhaps he was a trifler,
Timid, and fond of ease;
Perhaps a conscience-stifler,
Who sought himself to please:
Perhaps despair had stunned him, or pleasure won his heart,
That from his God and duty he hastens to depart.

Oh, Christian! stand *thou* steady,—
Thy daily work pursue;
For every duty ready,
And to thy Saviour true;
For the eddying winds around thee may drive thee from thy post,
And a wreck may be thy portion, and heaven may be lost.

Oh, Teacher! speak for heaven,—
Be faithful to thy trust;
To *you*, to *me* is given,
To flee each hurtful lust:
Be earnest, firm, and faithful—a word, a look may blight,
And send our name and portion to the shades of endless night.

To fly from duty—never!
When danger is at hand;
Though the breakers threaten ever,
Our vessel need not strand.
God's word will not be broken; his truth remains the same,
If our fondest hopes shall perish, and blasted be our name.

BABYLON.

O Zion! lone and desolate thou art;
Reproach has put its signet on thy name,
Mammon has bid thy glory to depart,
And pride has robbed thee of thy ancient fame.
Where is thy power, and where thy holy feasts?
Banished by wily priests!

Daughter of heaven! fair as the silvery moon,
Once thou wast seen in robes of massive light;
On nations far thy heavenly lustre shone,
With God's own glory wondrous to the sight.
But now thou sitt'st in purple on thy throne,
Stolen from Babylon!

God help thee, widowed one, to see thy day,
To shake thee from thy dust, and quickly rise.
Warned by his voice, no longer now delay,
Reform thy ways, and ere too late be wise;
Let not a proud and supercilious race
Thy beauty all deface.

Strong is the Lord thy God, who reigns above,
Mighty the One who died and lives to save.
Say, wilt thou taste the sweetness of his love,
Or wilt thou, faithless, all his vengeance brave?
Then hear thy doom: None, none, shall thee restore!
Fallen to rise no more!

Rejoice, ye heavens, and all ye holy men!
The hour of judgment threatened now is come.
God will avenge his saints, assert his reign,
And call his wandering children to their home.
And like a stone, great city, thou shalt be,
Cast in the sea!

THE EMIGRANTS.

To the far-off West we are going,—
We and our children dear!
And the day seems long and weary,
And the journey rough and drear.

The old hearthstone is desolate,
The embers now are dead;
And the garden gate is swinging wide,
And all from thence have fled.

The precious household treasures—
We have borne them all away;
Brother, and wife, and sister,
The old, the grave, and the gay.

We inherit no land or portion,
No gold, or precious store;
Our wealth is a father's blessing,
It is this,—and nothing more.

And our hearts o'erflow with gladness,
When we think of that love and care
Which hath fed and led us safely
In answer to *his* prayer.

But the night is now approaching,
And the toil of the day is done;
And we seek for food and shelter,
At the close of the setting sun.

THE EARLY DEAD.

Weep not the early dead!
They sleep;—how sweet they sleep!
From earth to heaven they fled:
Mother! why do you weep?

Weep not the early dew
Exhaled from fragrant flowers;
To its native heaven true,
It left our shady bowers.

Weep not the summer fruit
Which the reaper's hand has shorn;
No worm was at its root;
It was ripe, though early born.

TO HOWARD.

Say, wouldst thou win from nature all its wealth,
And lay its treasures on thy youthful mind?
And wouldst thou to repletion full of thought
Be wise? then open both thine eyes and ears,
And in sweet passiveness receive the lore
Denied to fools, the unthinking and the proud.
She never will refuse her richest stores
To those who seek them with a lover's heart.
Such thoughts will come within thy watchful mind
Of beauty and of truth, that not the world,
With all its noise and strife, its envy and its hate,
Shall break thy peace, or interrupt thy joy.

THE BAPTIST.

"Go," said the prophet of the Lord to those
Who told him of the mighty deeds of Him,
The fame of whom had gone through Palestine,—
"Go, and inquire of this mysterious One,
If thou art He who comes—Messiah blest?
Or must we, anxious, for another look?"
Thus said, they, eager, hasten to the place
Where many from disease incurable,
And leprosy as white as snow, are freed;
The blind receive their sight, the dead are saved,
And evil spirits, wailing, cry aloud,
"Jesus, thou art the Son of God, Most High!
Torment us not before the dreaded time."
And deaf, who never yet had heard the sound
Of music, or of eloquence divine,
Nor mother's living voice, or father's tongue,
Now hear; the lame now leap with ecstasy,
And to the poor (on earth, a numerous race)
Glad tidings of a future glorious reign,—
A reign of righteousness, of joy and peace,—
Is now proclaimed. "Go," said the gifted one,
"Tell what you've seen and heard; and happy he
To whom I shall not prove a stumbling-block."

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

"Said one to an aged friend—'I had a letter from a distant correspondent the other day, who inquired if you were in the land of the living?' 'No,' replied the saint-like, venerable man, 'but I am going there. This world is alone the world of shadows; and the eternal is the only one of living realities.'"

Shadows of pleasure, impalpable, ye!
Quick as an April cloud, o'er us ye flee;
A moment ye tarry, then away, far away
Ye haste from our presence, and make no delay.

Shadows of fortune, as transient and vain
As the flight of the eagle that darkens the plain;
Our gems and our jewels are scattered like dust—
The spoils of our labor—the fruit of our lust.

Shadows of glory, bewildering the eye!
As the swift-winged meteor, so swiftly ye fly,
And leave us in sadness,—enveloped in gloom,
To the damp and the vapor that brood o'er the tomb.

Shadows,—but shadows, we eager pursue,
And they fly from us ever, then leave us to rue
Our frenzy and folly, our labor and pain,
And the hopes which once blossomed, but ne'er will again.

Our life is a shadow, which comes from afar,
Where the true and the real and beautiful are;
Like the light which now falls on the pillars of stone,
And leave in the desert their dark forms alone.

No sickness, no sorrow, no unrest, no night,
Shall darken our pleasures, or dim our full sight
In that world, where the twilight is lost in the day,
And the shadows for ever shall then pass away.

GUARD HER SLEEPING.

Holy Saviour! guard her sleeping,
Ever in thy favor keeping;
Pure and stainless may she be,
And from weakness set her free!
On her cheek the rose is faded,
And her brow by sorrow shaded,
Yet the light of life and love
Shines upon her from above.

Oh, she is the mildest, sweetest,
And of all the flock the meetest
To be folded in thy breast,
Like a weary thing at rest.
Pale, upon her couch now lying,
Sad, we gaze upon her dying;
Soon she'll reach that happy shore
Where the weary weep no more.

Saviour take her, kindly take her,
Leave her not—do not forsake her:

To thine arms she now would flee,
In her dread extremity.
Angels, round her kindly hover,
Waft her spirit gently over!
Where all pain and grief shall cease
In the blest abodes of peace.

LITTLE-CHILDREN.

I LOVE the little children,
I love them every one;
I love them for their pleasantry,
I love them for their fun!

I love them for their freshness,
I love them for their joy,
And I love them for their mothers' sakes,
For I was once a boy.

I never see a little child
But feel as if I could
Enfold him in my loving arms,
And if I dared,—I would.

The rosy-cheeked, the blue-eyed,
The gay and the demure,
They all to me are beautiful,—
The rich ones and the poor.

The infant at the mother's breast,
Or in the nurse's arms,
Or slumbering in the cradle,
To me have many charms.

I love to see them smiling,
I love to see them sleep,
But not to hear them sighing,
Nor can I hear them weep.

Poor little fragile flowers,
Whene'er I see them bloom,
They fill my heart with sunshine,
And dissipate my gloom:

Fresh roses on our hearthstones,
Besprinkled with the dew;
The innocent, the artless,
The trustful and the true.

The magic of their presence,
The music of their voice;
They make me think of heaven,
And inwardly rejoice.

How dark the world and lonely,
I have no words to tell!

If we saw them not around us,
Nor felt their magic spell!

No wonder hapless Rachel
So deeply mourned her lot;
Her children they were taken,
And she wept, "for they were not."

MY COTTAGE HOME.

My cottage home! My cottage home!
From its quiet shade I ne'er will roam,—
It was here I had my birth.
No other spot is so dear to me;
From its well-known haunts I would not flee
To the mountain side, or the distant sea,
For the stateliest halls on earth.

My cottage home! My cottage home!
It has no pillars, or splendid dome,
No cornice or sculptured frieze;
With its straw-thatched roof, and gable-end,
Where the creeping vines around them bend,
And the fragrant flowers so richly blend
Their odors with every breeze.

My cottage home! My cottage home!
From the crowded city I never come
But solace I find and rest,—

In the garden-plot, and the scented field,
Where the roses bright and the clover yield
A thousand charms, which are here revealed
To calm my weary breast.

My cottage home! My cottage home!
With its snow-white floor, and its feathery comb,
And the smoke from its chimney rude;
I love its old windows, its chair by the door,
Its clambering vines, and its ivy hoar,
And beyond all these, I love it more
As the home of the pure and the good.

THE GOLDEN GATES.

FAREWELL, my mountain boy, my comfort and my pride,
No more we'll sit together upon the ingle-side;
From my straw-thatched roof you'll go, but never will you find
A love so pure as hers which now you leave behind.

I have borne you on my heart for many a weary day,
And I never thought but death could have turned your steps away—
From the hills o'er which you've roamed, from the silent glen and moor,
From the shadow of our elm, and the grass before our door.

But go, my shepherd boy, for I would not have you stay
When your heart to other climes I know has passed away,
Where the golden sands are washed by the streams that ever run,
And their crystal founts are glowing in the beams of yonder sun.

But I know you will not find, whatever may be thine,
Jewels so rich and rare, as are in this heart of mine.
Not the treasures of the land, nor the treasures of the sea,
Can be compared with those which now you leave in me.

By your father's dust, that slumbers beneath yon humble sod,
By the home and hearth, on which your sainted sister trod,
By the love your only brother, whose heart is on you now,
By the tears that flow so freely, and the sadness on my brow,—

Be faithful to your conscience, to your plighted vows above;
Be faithful to the Saviour,—let no change come o'er your love;
Watch and pray, for sore temptations will assault your youthful heart,—
But never from your duty or your father's God depart.

But fare thee well, my mountain boy,—my comfort and my pride,
No more we'll sit together upon the ingle-side;
From my straw-thatched roof you'll go, but never will you find
A love so pure as hers which now you leave behind.

THE RESURRECTION.

That is a beautiful thought of the Israelites of our day, when they enter a cemetery to deposit one of their number—dust to dust. It is said that they bow together three times to the ground; then, seizing the grass of the tomb which they are about to open, and casting it behind them, they pronounce in chorus these words of the Prophet, "Thy bones shall germinate like the grass, O my brother! thy bones shall germinate like the grass!"

Lo! the Spring has come, and has covered our fields,
With the grass and the flowers which its spirit now yields:
The Winter is past, with its cold and its snow,
And the warm south winds o'er the forests now blow.

We will gather the grass and the flowers of Spring,
And o'er the shorn fields these blest tokens will fling,
And freely we'll scatter them all around
On the slumbering earth and the quickened ground;

Amid the rich concert of bush and of grove,
The joy of the streams, and the voices of love,
And exclaim, "O my brother!" as by him we pass,
"Thy bones yet will flourish, as the herb and the grass!"

Lo! the season of miracles, coming again,
Has broken the sceptre of Winter's long reign;
Like the leaves of the forest, our friends disappear,
As if chilled by the frost at the close of the year.

Their forms, like the trees of the forest, are bare,
And the winds beat their branches, once lovely and fair;
Their sap is congealed by the snow and the frost,
And their fruit and their verdure for ever seem lost.

But the Spring will be here, and will breathe on the slain,
And like grass, O my brother! they will flourish again.
On the sides of the mountains, and in the deep vales,
The earth will be fanned by the life-giving gales;

And the depth of the soil, now so hard and so cold,
Will stir with new life, which shall break from its mould;
Like the grass they will flourish, as the flowers they'll
bloom,
And verdure and beauty will yet spring from the tomb.

SONG OF THE LIGHTNING.

I AM found in the tempest, I sport with the storm,
And I laugh in the cloud-wrath with glee;
I assume every shape, so fantastic my form,
As I dance on the white foaming sea.
In the gloom of the night, when the dark clouds are high,
And the ocean is yawning below,
Like an angel of terror, I gleam in the sky,
And mock at each impotent foe.

When like smoke from the censer, so pure and so white,
The mist on the mountain is seen,
And the leaves hang in silence, or flash in the light,
And display all their pride and their sheen,
I think how the roar of my voice will be heard,
And the oak of the forest will quail;
And the king of the desert will start at my word,
And the heart of the stoutest will fail.

And oft when I play round the mountain's dread peak,
And the storm-king is out on the blast;

I then break on the rock-cliffs all barren and bleak,
And in piecemeal their honors I cast.
But alas! for the day, to the earth now I'm chained,
And on harp-strings my fingers I play;
Like a courser in harness, I'm bridled and reined,
And no longer I have my own way.

Struck dumb by the hand that has palsied my tongue,
Though I speak, 'tis in accents so low,
That no ear can detect what is said or is sung,
So relentless and strong is my foe.
Incessantly talking, I tell all the news,
From Georgia, to Texas and Maine;
I shall die with the *ennui*, for I now have the *blues*,
And I ne'er shall recover again.

But, hark! on the whirlwind again is he seen,
As fierce and as *fiery* still;
Though on land I am bound, yet on ocean, I ween,
Unfettered, unchained is my will;
And wait till the hot breath of summer is nigh,
And the reaper is seeking the shade;
I will break every fetter and leap to the sky,
Where my rights none on earth shall invade.

THE SONG OF THE SAW.

I CUT the wood, from the dawn till the night,
I wake with the morning, I'm up with the light;
I'm as blithe as a lark, and as brisk as a bee,
And the hours swiftly pass, full of gladness and glee;
Let the weather be shiny, or let it be raw,
I saw, I saw, I saw, I s-a-w.

All day I am out and I mind my work,
With a downward *thrust*, and an upward *jerk;*
With my hat on my head, and my knee on the wood,
And on *one* foot I stand, as all day I have stood.
And whilst through the fibre, my sharp steel I draw,
I saw, I saw, I saw, I s-a-w.

In winter, in summer, in cold, or in heat,
In rain, or in shine, in the snow, or in sleet,
I mind my own business, and stick to my *stick*,
I seldom am weary and never am sick;
And to feed wife and children, and fill my own maw,
I saw, I saw, I saw, I s-a-w.

I am cheerful and happy, with plenty to do,
And daily, with patience, my task I pursue;
I loaf not, I drink not, except from the spring,
And when I am merry, I whistle and sing;
And though knots I encounter, and many a flaw,
I saw, I saw, I saw, I s-a-w.

And whether 'tis maple, or hickory, or beech,
'Tis all one to me, I cut each, each, *each;*
The tough and the tender, the large and the small,
I slice them, I split them, yea, all of them, all.
And with teeth just as sharp as were e'er set in jaw,
I saw, I saw, I saw, I s-a-w.

But I'm now getting old, and my work soon will cease,
But with eyes full of hope, and with heart full of peace,
I will patiently toil, till the close of the day,
When the *rest* for the weary my toils will *re*pay;
And from all that is evil, I then will withdraw,
And will hang up my saw, my saw, my s-a-w.

"HE BLESSES THE SPRINGING THEREOF."

The sun is bright, the earth is bare,
The grain is garnered with much care;
The Spring is come, and all is gay
Throughout the sweet, the livelong day.
The plough has now prepared the fields,
Which thirty, sixty, hundred, yields
For every grain upon the land
Sown by the farmer's liberal hand.

But have ye sown in prayer to Him
Who fills your garners to the brim;
Whose is the land, the sun, the rains,
The seasons, and the precious grains;
Who can withhold the clouds and dew,
The late and early showers, too,
Or send his army-worm to blight
The ripening fields before your sight?

In vain your toil, unless He bless
The barren fields with fruitfulness;

A thousand furrows will refuse
To yield their ordinary dues.
'Tis *His* to bless the ground you sow,
And bless the labor you bestow;
To quicken every grain you spread,
And give the sower seed and bread.

Oh, farmer, stay, and do not dare
To plant your fields without a prayer
To Him—the God of life and peace—
Whose is the grain, with its increase;
Its "spring thereof," its moistened roots,
The early corn and harvest fruits;—
And then with joyful hearts you'll raise
The reaper's song of grateful praise.

DIOGENES.

The ancient Cynic, with his torch, at noon,
The market-places searched to find a boon—
A genuine man; he eager sought, and long,
The crowded streets and busy haunts among,
But sought in vain; not one his toil repaid,
Though sun and lamp were summoned to his aid.
Seek not to imitate the witty sage,
'Twill mock your pains, if you should seek an age:
Look thou within, and there intently scan,
And soon you'll find, what long you've sought—a man.

LITTLE LUCY.

Little Lucy, sweet and fair,
With thy fine and golden hair,
And thy eye of azure hue,
Calmly, beautifully blue.

And thy face, so meek and mild,
We could wish thou wert a child
Ever,—innocent and gay,
As thou art to us this day.

Thoughts as pure as angels tell,
In thy spirit's depths now dwell;
And as warm, and true, and bright,
Love has shed its blessed light.

Though thy lisping, half-formed word,
From thy ruby lips is heard;
Which like broken echoes float,
From a spirit's far-off note,—

Yet to me each wish is clear,
Though thy words I do not hear;
For thy form, thy face, thine eye,
Is a language from the sky,—

Speaking deep and speaking low,
All that in thy feelings glow;
Heaven be praised for such a child!
Meek and innocent and mild.

Now thou know'st not what I write,
Yet one day 'twill be more bright;
And may chance to tell of one,
When his race on earth is done,—

Who, upon thy little head,
Forth his hands in blessings spread;
And this humble verse did twine,
All for *thee* and *only* thine.

WILLIE.

I ALWAYS think that little Willie's young,
Though now full twenty years and more have gone
Since I have listened to the prattler's tongue,
And he has left our cottage sad and lone.

He looks, even now, with eye as clear and bright,
And cheek as rosy, as the summer's morn;
With voice as sweet, and step as brisk and light,
As when in play he bounded o'er the lawn.

His silken tresses seem to me as fair
As when they floated in the freshened breeze;
And meek-eyed innocence his features wear,
As when I dandled him upon my knees.

He moves among us in fond memory's cell,
Like some bright being of another sphere;
Some cherished form with us alone to dwell,
To check the worldliness that meets us here.

We from the living turn to him, the boy,—
The child whom neither days nor years can blight;
"The loved, the lost," our first-born and our joy,
Star of our early hopes for ever bright!

Sorrow for him is now subdued and calm,
And joy is mingled with each tear and sigh;
His angel presence, like a sacred balm,
Brings peace, and hope, and gladness, from on high.

My Willie boy, I cannot think that thou—
The beautiful, the bright, the fair, the mild—
Canst ever wear upon thy stainless brow
Aught but the image of a little child.

TO MARY.

ON RECOVERING FROM SICKNESS.

And thou art very pale; the rosy bloom
Of health thy cheek has long since fled;
And thou wert drawing near the darksome tomb,
Whose walls enclose the relics of the dead.
But thou art with us; and the cheerful smile
That hope upon thy countenance has thrown,
Is like the gentle ray that rests awhile
To form the promised arch, when clouds are fled and gone.

But tell me, Mary, when your lingering eye
Upon the distant port of heaven did rest,
And faith had brought the Land of Promise nigh,
And soon you thought to mingle with the blest,
If, like the mariner, you did not feel
Shattered and torn upon the stormy main,
Who saw his native land, and thought to steal
Within the haven safe, but driven back again?

TO MARY.

Mary, thou hast a precious one
Now nestling in thy breast;—
An artless, pretty little son,
Upon thy arms at rest.

'Twas given by a Father's hand,—
A child of hope and prayer,
As one among that happy band
That won the Saviour's care.

Oh, ever think how rich a prize
Is borne upon thy heart;—
A gem to burnish for the skies;
Of thy own life a part.

A spark is kindled in that eye,
Within that soul a flame,
Which ne'er shall perish, or shall die,
Like Him from whom it came.

Then be thou faithful to the gem
Thy Heavenly Father sent;
'Twas given to deck a diadem:
It is not thine;—'twas lent.

ON THE DEATH OF MY BROTHER WILLIAM.

He is gone, and the clod of the valley rests on him!
The earth is yet moist, and the hillock is high;
He is gone, and our eye shall no longer behold him;
He is dead to our sorrow, and deaf to our sigh.

The cloud of the morning is fled, and for ever
Its shadowy form has passed over the plain;
We shall see it in motion, oh! never; no, never;
It is sunk in the mists, it is lost in the main.

His life, like the wave on the tremulous ocean,
Was torn by the tempest, and dashed on the shore.
Retiring, no longer we see it in motion;
It is lost in the surge; we shall see it no more.

Farewell, oh farewell! a brother weeps o'er thee;
The tears of affection shall hallow thy grave;
Thou art gone, thou art gone but a moment before me,
Confiding in Him who is mighty to save!

GOLIATH OF GATH.

On the mountains of Israel the hosts were arrayed,
All shining in armor, with lance and with blade;
The valley of Elah lay slumbering between,
Where the white blooming lily and heather were seen.

The pride of Philistia in Shochoh now stood,
Like the wing of the tempest above the dark flood,
And the chosen of Israel were summoned afar
To the stern field of battle, the death-tug of war.

With Saul for their leader, they haste to the fray,
And foreboding a triumph, they snuff their vile prey;
But His arm for the feeble no succor shall bring,
For the Lord has forsaken both captain and king.

And there went forth a champion, Goliath of Gath,
And the tribes he now menaced, in scorn and in wrath;
With helmet resplendent of brass on his head,
And with mail-covered corselets around him now spread.

Arrayed in full harness, imperious in pride,
The armies of Israel he sternly defied.

"Am not I a Philistine, and ye menials all
The serfs of a tyrant, the drudges of Saul?

"Choose out ye the bravest, the strongest, the best,
And I'll cleave his proud helmet, and humble his crest."
Then Saul and all Israel were greatly dismayed,
And stricken with terror, they each stood afraid.

But who is he, so simple, coy,
The shepherd lad, the ruddy boy,
With pipe in hand and humble crook,
Within the shade of yonder nook?
Beside the lambs and bleating ewes,
He brushes through the morning dews.
And all the day, 'mid sun and shade,
Or on the mount or in the glade,
And through the long, long hours of night,
His flock is ever in his sight.
How calm and peaceful are his days!
As through these lonely paths he strays,
And holds communion deep and high
With all he sees in earth and sky;
The streams to him have sent a voice
Which make him inwardly rejoice;
And birds of starry plume and wing,
To him their untaught carols bring;
And not a bee that strikes his line,
Nor fly, whose brilliant colors shine,

Within the pure transparent air,
But looks to him surpassing fair;
And every flower that decks the fields,
And feathery grass, some lesson yields.
And tending safe his little flock,
Amidst the tempest's awful shock;
Or at the day's decline, afar,
He watches for the evening star,
His noble nature secret feels
A power which o'er his spirit steals,
Which wakes in rapture and in song,
The woods and mountain cliffs among;
And gives to him a precious store,
Of desert wealth and sacred lore;
Which when by Siloa's fount he trod,
He consecrates to Israel's God;
And sends a far-off voice, which flies
In rapturous praises to the skies.
The springs among the hills that run,
The light, which streaming from the sun,
And clothes, as with a garment bright
The varied landscape to the sight;
The winds and lightnings, as they fly,
Along the earth, or through the sky;
The fir tree, with its verdant breast,
The storks, which on its branches rest,
The goats, which o'er the mountains rove,
The birds, which seek the fragrant grove,

And beasts, which through the garish day,
Within their secret coverts lay,
But seek at night their wonted prey,—
All these, in after times, will throng,
To mould in loveliness his song.
But see him now, the Ephrathite!
Who hastens to behold the sight
Of gathering armies on that day,
Which witnessed such a bloody fray.
With choicest gifts, his hands now bear
The pledges of a parent's care,
And see, if well his brethren fare,
When the bold champion now again
His gauntlet threw, in proud disdain,
Which David heard with anxious ear,
But not in terror or in fear.
With eye of fire, he quick surveyed
The stalwart chief, in brass arrayed,
Until his manly spirit grew
A champion bold, a giant too!
And taking from his scrip a stone,
On God and it relied alone;
And laid the haughty chieftain low,
With sinewy arm, and well-aimed blow;
And won a glory and a name,
Resplendent in the rolls of fame.

UP, BE DOING!

Up, be doing! cease thy murmur;
Courage, why should I repine?
Let thy heart be stronger, firmer,
Bliss eternal may be thine!

'Tis not well to yield to weakness,
And in bitterness to wail;
But in silence, and in meekness,
Let thy better hopes prevail.

Look not on the stormy billow,
Nor the angry tempest fear;
Christ is slumbering on the pillow,
Ever kind and ever near.

Sense may hear the thunders rattle,
And the fearful tempest view;
But amid the shock and battle,
Faith will see the Saviour too!

AND WHAT IS LIFE?

And what is life, that we should toil
And strive each weary day?
Why do we dig the barren soil
For thrift that will not pay?

How vain is all that meets our eyes!
What phantoms we pursue!
The unsubstantial pleasure flies;
"Why make we such ado?"

How short are all our days of youth,
Oft covered o'er with shame.
Why seek we not for heavenly truth,
That leads to deathless fame?

Hide not thyself, O Lord! how long,
For ever shall it be?
Shall thy wrath burn as fire, so strong,
To all eternity?

Remember, Lord, how short is life,—
A hand-breadth, vapor, span;

And full of anguish, pain, and strife,
Wherefore so vain is man?

And where is he that liveth now,
That shall not taste of death?
Paleness shall gather on his brow,
Faintness upon his breath.

We know that every creature groans,
In agony and woe;
The winds are burdened with their moans,
That breaks with every throe.

'Tis not of choice, that man should be
A wreck upon the wave;
A subject, doomed to vanity,
A tenant of the grave.

In hope, he lifts his eager eye,
Above the dust he spurns,
And pants, to taste the liberty
Where love for ever burns.

Blest Saviour! in thy death we find
The life we most should prize;—
An anchor to the troubled mind,
A home within the skies.

THE NATIVITY.

In the quiet heavens, beaming bright and fair,
Sounds are heard like pinions sweeping through the air.
Hill and vale are tempered with a mellow light,
Mingling with the shadows of the stilly night.

Shepherds low are slumbering on their grassy beds,
While the dew is falling gently on their heads;
Voices strange and distant, from another sphere,
More like a dream unreal, fall upon their ear.

On Judean mountains loud the anthems rise,
Sending back their echoes to the trooping skies;
When a star appearing with its lustrous beam,
Bathing with its splendor, valley, hill, and stream,—

Pouring light and beauty o'er each humble spot,
O'er the inn and stable, and the lonely cot;
Pointing strong and steady, with each gathering ray,
To the rugged dwelling where the Saviour lay.

Lo! the shepherds hasten, with surprise and fear,
And the Eastern Magi see its light appear;
When with costly offerings, and with homage meet,
They pour their hoarded treasure at the infant's feet.

Soft and calm his slumbers; peaceful is his brow;
Saviour, Lord, Redeemer, Prince of Life art thou!
Born to save thy people, and to rule in love,
Over men and angels, in the realms above.

Infant in the manger! Lord of heaven and earth!
Immanuel, Creator, yet of human birth!
We hail thee as our brother in weakness and in pain;
We bless thee for thy sceptre, thy kingdom, and thy reign.

BEHOLD, WHAT LOVE!

Behold! what love the Father shows to men of mortal blood,
That those who were the slaves of sin should be the sons of God!
Born from above, celestial things our eyes now plainly see,
And we can boast, though kings may not, that we're God's family.

How high the rank to which we're raised, above the sons of men!
For who his honor may compare with God's own denizen?
With head erect, he walks the earth, and casts his eyes abroad:
All things are mine, and mine is Christ's, and Christ belongs to God.

Is Paul a man of heavenly mould, a star of purest fire?
Apollos, rich in eloquence, whose speech can never tire?
Or Cephas, like a stone well laid beside his glorious Lord?
A champion he, who smites the earth with God's most potent word?

Is life a gift bestowed on us both present and to come,—
Our evanescent stay on earth, and our eternal home?
Is death the end of all our cares,—the chamber to the skies,—
In whose embrace our dust shall rest till God shall bid it rise?

And are all these, and more than these, our present legacy?
Then who can tell ('tis hid from all) what we shall one day be?
The poet's tongue, the prophet's soul, imagination's pen,
Can never say what we shall be when Christ shall come again.

THE MOUNTAIN-TOP.

High on the mountain-top a mountain stands,
Whose lofty summit reaches to the skies;
Its glory shines afar, on distant lands,
And light eternal from its centre rise.

Here, by that Word which said "Let there be light!"
Which gave the earth its bounds, the heavens, the sea,
Established firm upon its topmost height,
The house of God for ever now shall be.

The wandering tribes, without a priest or king,
Scattered and peeled, now seek their wonted rest;
And nations far their thankful offerings bring,
And, flowing upwards, reach its verdant breast.

Like some broad stream that onward hastes away,
Fed by ten thousand tributary rills,
So Jews and Gentiles, in the millennial day,
Shall issue from the valleys and the hills.

Higher and deeper shall this river run,
Till, like the seas, its waves shall rise to heaven,
And all the tribes that dwell beneath the sun
Shall to our Lord, the Prince of Peace, be given.

ZION.

Inhabitants of Zion, sing;
Aloud your voices raise;
Let all the children of our King
Present their grateful praise.

Cry out in elevated strains
To our exalted Lord;
The Holy One in Israel reigns,
And mighty is his word.

Shout, for his majesty is great
In heaven and earth and sea;
Myriads of angels on him wait;
At his command they flee.

Exalted be thy name above
Dominion, power, and praise!
And may the wonders of thy love
Be sung through endless days.

GO AND PROCLAIM.

Go, and proclaim my name to men;
Go, and assert your Saviour's cause.
Make known the wonders of my reign;
Declare my doctrine and my laws.

Tell every proud and rebel Jew,
That, though on yonder cross I died,
The gates of death before me flew,
The door of hope is opened wide.

As one refreshed with generous wine,
Your Lord has left the vanquished grave;
And crowns, and thrones, and powers, are mine,—
Mighty to conquer and to save.

Let all the tribes on earth receive
The joyful tidings of my word;
Go, and invite them to believe,
And bow, submissive, to their Lord.

SONG.

"Forgive! forgive!" the Saviour cries;
Let the whole earth the news attend;
Jesus, the Lord of glory, dies,
And rises as the sinner's friend.

And can the High and Holy One
Come down and dwell with mortal men?
And will He stoop from yonder throne
To raise us to himself again?

O wondrous condescension this,—
That rebels, justly doomed to die,
Should freely drink the cup of bliss,
And to their God be now brought nigh!

Let all the guilty nations know
That Jesus reigns o'er earth and heaven;
And all who humbly to Him bow
Shall now be honored and forgiven.

THE ANGELS' MISSION.

A LITTLE band of angels bright, once winged their gentle way,
From the blest fields of azure light, the realms of endless day;
And looking o'er the things of earth, so beautiful and sweet,
To find an offering for the skies, acceptable and meet.

As on they went, things fair and bright their lovely shadows flung,
And flowers of Eden's bloom they found, with dewdrops on them hung;
And diamonds bright of princely worth, and pearls from out the sea,
And helmets rich, and glistening blades, the treasures of the free,—

And stars, the dust of heaven's throne, were flashing in the sky,
And forms, too beautiful for earth, like shadows passed them by;

But on they went with rapid wing, "These, these, alas! will fade;
The things that worthy are of heaven,—of earth must not be made."

Through forests hoar, and valleys deep, and foaming seas they went,
For one thing pure, in anxious search, full on their errand bent;
At length they saw a light-heart boy, within the silent glen,
A thing so beautiful and gay they never saw till then.

Amazed, entranced, in silent awe, they poised upon their wing,
"An offering meet we've found on earth, thence to the skies we'll bring;"
When thus the leader courteous spoke, "But will our Father own,
A gift so mortal and so frail, to lay upon his throne?"

To this the next, in haste replied, with reverent look and eye,
"Our God has power to grant the gift of immortality."
Then one—"'Tis love and virtue that alone can live in worlds above,
For heaven is purity and bliss, and God alone is Love.

"Besides, from sore temptation's fire, and every evil dart,
We'll turn the deadly point away, that's aimed against his heart."
Thus spake the angel, who for aye beheld his Father's face,
With eye so full of tenderness, and heart so full of grace.

To this the leader then replied, with equal force and truth,
"There is a beauty far more bright than innocence and youth,
Which childhood, in its time of bud, is here denied to share,
And only on the stem of life the perfect fruit may bear.

"Shall we not rather wait for this, than offer up a boon,
Which, like the floweret of the grass, will fade at early noon?"
And thus they waited till the child had grown to be a man,
For to the immortals, life on earth is but a narrow span.

Then pain and sorrow came apace, and on his furrowed brow,
The rose of health and beauty fled, and grief had settled now;
And anguish bowed his stalwart frame, and withering age sat there,
And on the fibres of his heart the gnawing tooth of care.

Then darkness veiled his soul in grief and hopeless agony,
And peace all died, and in its stead, despair and misery;
Then came the visitants of heaven, and words of bliss they spoke,
Till on the chaos of his soul the light of glory broke.

His heart grew strong, his feet stood firm, and faith, with eager eye,
Drew virtue from the things unseen,—eternal in the sky;
And soon upon the crown of life, a glorious gem was seen,
That but for Him of Nazareth, for man had never been.

And when temptations gathered thick around his path of life,
And wind and storm, and lightning's flash, all mingled in the strife;
His guardian angel hovered near, to watch his struggles dire,
And kindled hope that would have died, with heaven's eternal fire;

Until with other strength than his, he battled to be free,
And thus the grace was perfected of sweet Humility.
And still was poured temptation's darts, thick as the icy hail,
But not to blast, for firm he stood, secure in coat of mail.

More godlike grew his countenance, as seraph pure and bright,
And through the windows of his soul they poured celestial light;
And then they breathed into his soul, the joy their bosoms felt,
And marked each change with beaming eye; with wonder on it dwelt.

With awe they looked upon the work which God to them had given,
And then, with rapture and delight, pronounced it fit for heaven;
And when to those who looked upon his withered, lifeless form,
They wept that he should fall beneath so pitiless a storm.

And thus he died; but now the soul all pure and bright had grown,
And to the realms of light they flew, and laid it on the throne,—
A soul prepared for heavenly bliss, of stainless purity,
An heir of that most priceless gift—of Immortality.

POEMS WRITTEN IN EARLY LIFE.

TRUTH.

Unerring Truth, be thou my constant guide,
Whilst here on earth I'm destined to reside;
Shine in my soul, enliven with thy rays
My every thought, my actions, and my ways.

'Gainst Error's path be thou my sure defence,
My light of reason, and my "common sense."
The sceptic's errors may I ever fly,
Nor be the slave of false philosophy.

From wrong opinions, guide my wayward youth,
And let my fancy take the wings of Truth.
With thee my guide, the maze of life I'll tread,
Without e'en present fear, or future dread.

Nor anxious hope or fear, nor time nor tide,
Shall lure me hence, nor tempt me from thy side;
With thee, and thee alone, can I be blest,
And find secure a heaven within my breast.

THE WISH.

I ONCE in pensive mood could steal
A moment from my earthly care;
And then I thought, with warmth and zeal,
I breathed a poet's wish and prayer.

I said if Heaven would grant but this,
To be a favorite of the Nine,
I would not e'en exchange the bliss
With him who bows at glory's shrine.

If Inspiration's hallowed fire
Would kindle high within my breast,
I'd sweep in magic strains my lyre,
And soothe my care-worn heart to rest.

The charm of woman's eye of love,
And woman's voice, my muse awoke.
I thought her pure as those above,
And lavish of her charms I spoke.

But I have learned that those, so fair,
Whose every look could joy impart,

The garb of innocence may wear
To hide the foibles of the heart.

And many an hour has sped away
Since last I sought Parnassus' mount;
And many a dark and cheerless day,
Since last I drank Castalia's fount.

But I have sought a holier hill
Than that which fabled poets found,
Where heaven its richest dews distil,
And flowers eternal deck the ground.

The mount of God, around whose head
Celestial light and glory dwells;
Beneath whose mild and sacred shade,
My soul with heavenly transport swells.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF DR. TRUMAN BISHOP, OF CINCINNATI, AN INTIMATE FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

Oh! man of God, thou art gone, thou art gone,
To the land of the blessed above!
To the clay thy mortal part has been borne;
Thy soul, to the regions of love.

Thine eye is closed; it shall weep no more,
O'er the ruined, the wretched, the vain.
Thy wearisome days and nights are o'er;
Return they shall never again.

On the walls of Zion we saw thee stand,
Undaunted and firm to the last.
The sword of the Spirit he held in his hand,
While he uttered the trumpet blast.

But woe to the men who have heard the alarm,
And its warnings have failed to heed,
For soon will Jehovah reveal his arm,
And the bolt of his thunder to speed!

His priestly robes are without a stain,
From the blood of the impious foe;
For among the host of the mighty, slain,
He pronounced the coming woe.

With tongue that was touched with seraphic fire,
He spake to the contrite heart,
And cherished each feeble and faint desire,
From a world of sin to depart.

He bade the weary to come to Thee!
Oh, Thou that hearest their cry;
And he bade them to look to Calvary,
And no longer in wretchedness sigh.

Oh! man of God, thou art gone, thou art gone,
To the land of the blessed above!
To the clay thy mortal part has been borne;
Thy soul, to the regions of love.

THE MANIAC MOTHER IN A SNOW-DRIFT.

"Come hither, my child; cling close to my breast;
Though weary and sad, you may find here some rest.
Nay, hush that wild cry! it reaches my heart!
It tells me my babe and her mother must part.

"Must part!—we must part! Hush! hush thee, my child!
Thy mother is poor, and her brain is so wild;
For the keen, angry blast, as it sweeps through the sky,
Is enchanting and sweet, to thy deep, piercing cry!

"Come nearer, my babe; nay, hide from the storm;
Though my bosom is cold, yet my spirit is warm.
Howl on, raging winds! ye are poverty's foe!
Ye have brought my sweet babe and her mother to woe!

"Rest here, lovely infant, now free from all care,
And a shroud of the white driven snow I'll prepare.
Thy mother will watch thee full safely to-night;
For I love thee, I love thee, thou angel of light!

"But see! in the clouds a bright form meets mine eye,
And it points to the rest of the weary on high;
And hark to the voice, as it dies on my ear!
It bids me to follow, and dry every tear.

"I come, smiling cherub, to join thee above,
In the mansions of peace and the regions of love!"
When, shuddering, she fell on the storm-driven snow,
And the current of life ceased to ebb and to flow.

THE END.

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